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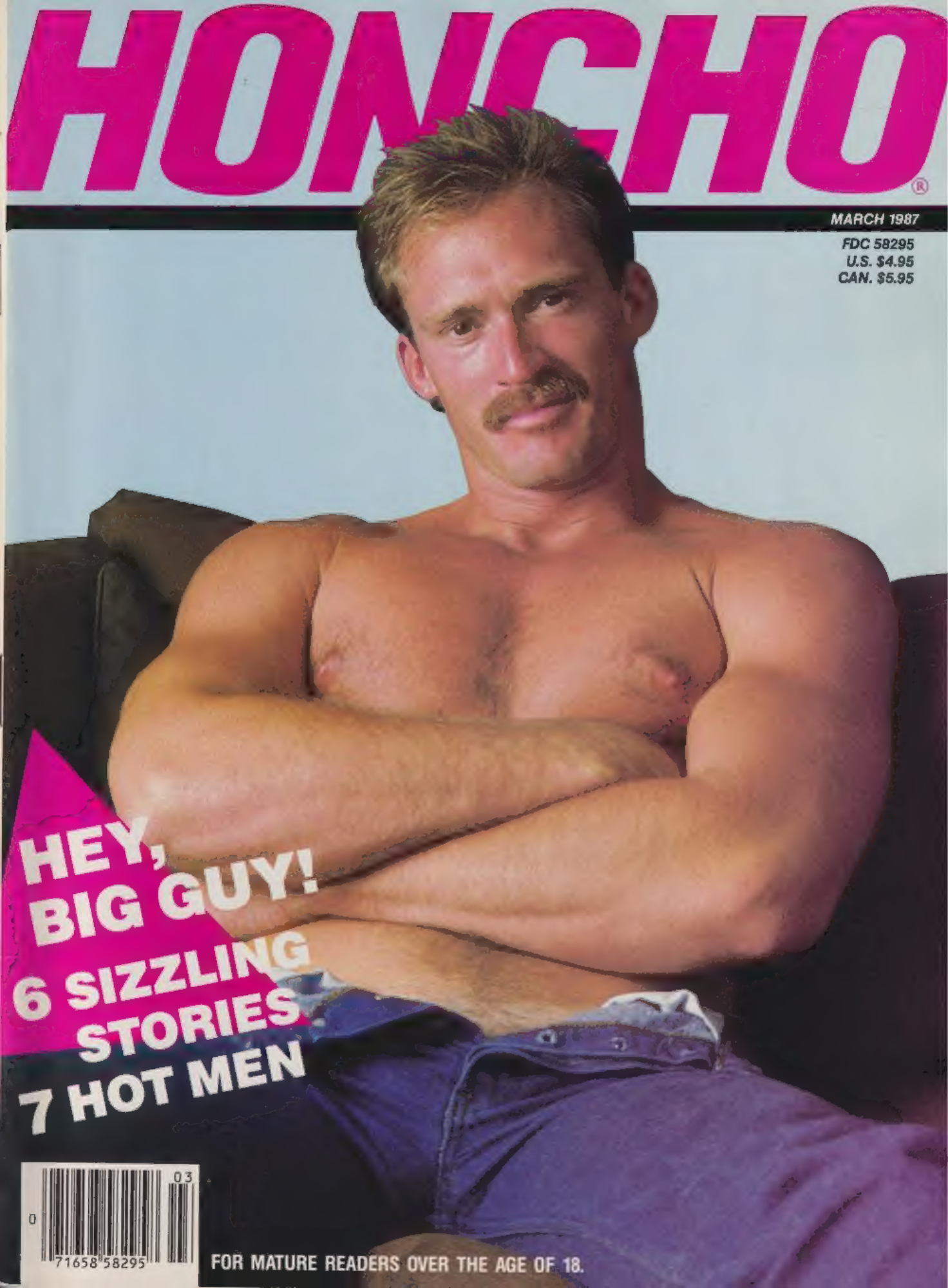

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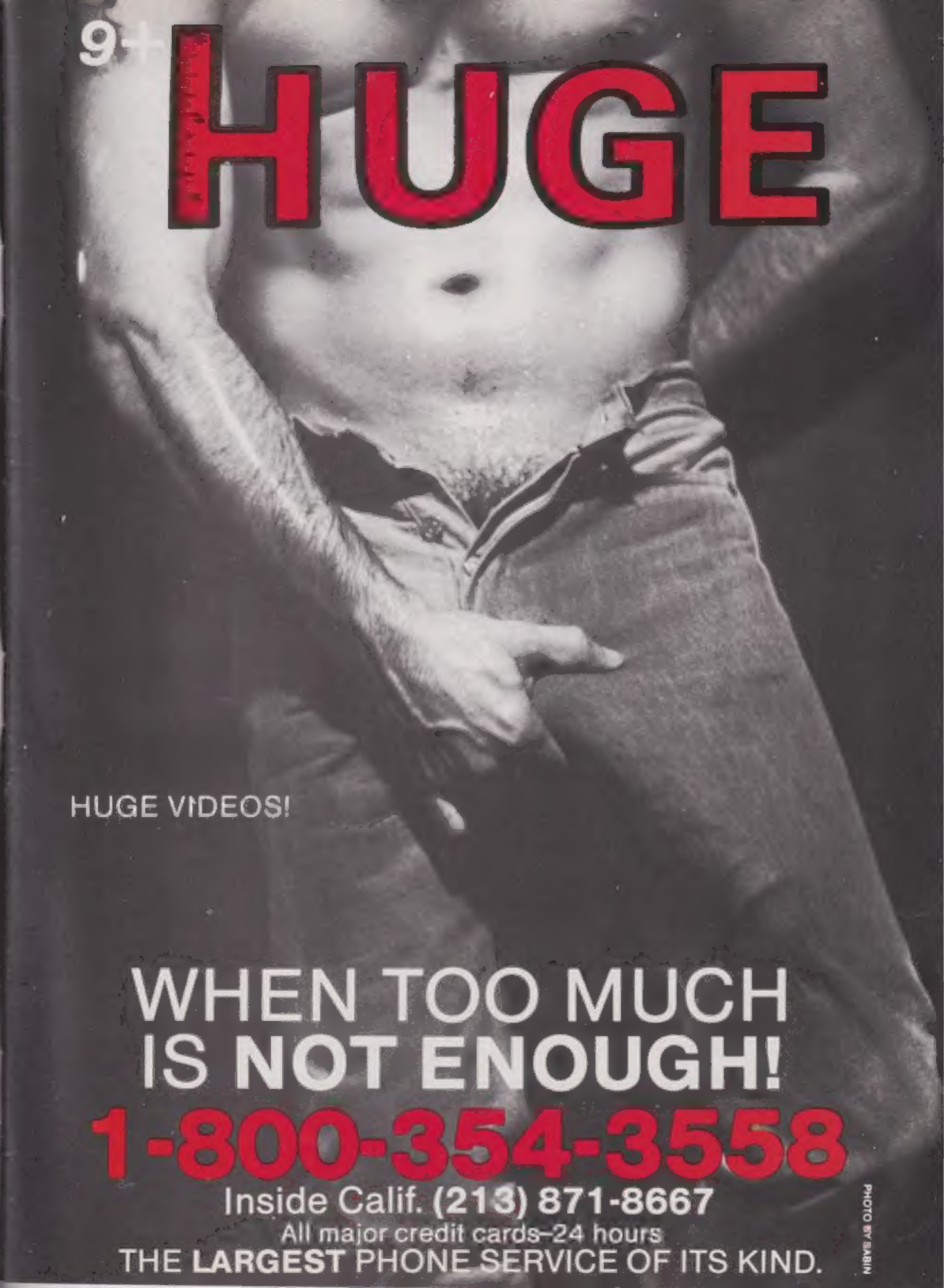
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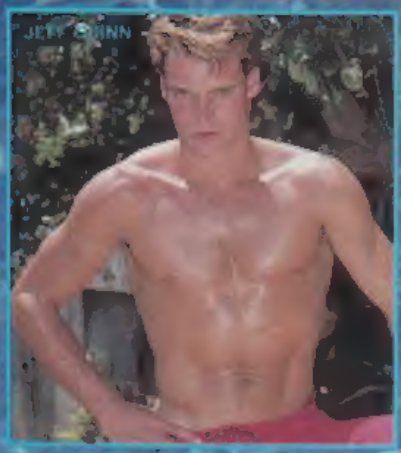

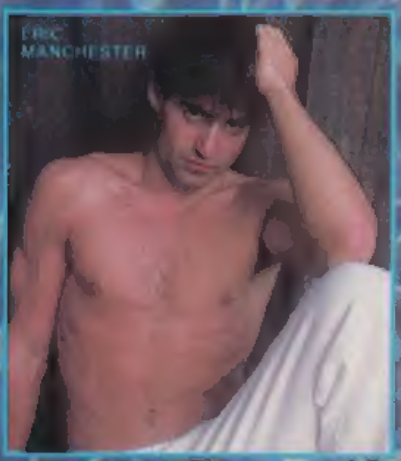

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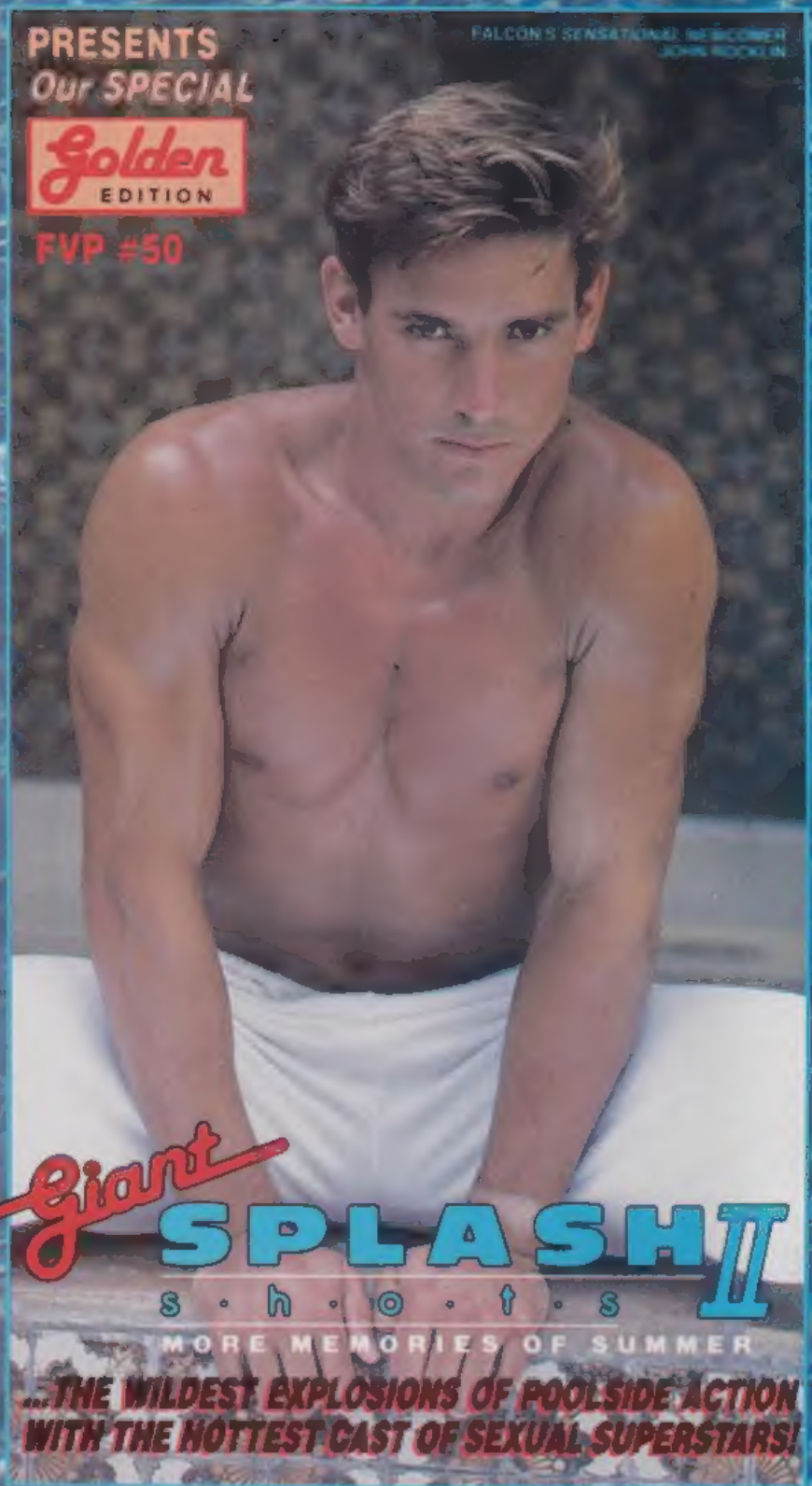

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It seemed to Gregg that his ass had a mind of its own. No scene was too wild, no place too public, no alley too dangerous if it got him what he wanted—the feel of a hard cock tearing into his hole.

"HEY, BIG GUY"

BY WOLF HARDMANN • PHOTOS BY LOBO STUDIO

"Tommy—cool that light down, would you? We're getting too much glare from his nose."

As the assistant scurried to complete his boss's order, Gregg Deighton submitted to another powdering. The puff tickled his nose as it swished across his handsome face. He sneezed suddenly, uncontrollably.

"Yuck!" the makeup man yelped. "Couldn't you have warned me before you spit all over me like that?"

"Sorry, John. It's just that the puff tickled me and—"

"When you two queens are finished dishing, I'd like to get on with this." The photographer glared at them and added, "I realize that you're getting paid by the hour, but I'm on a flat fee—and I don't plan on spending two days doing this shoot."

"Okay, okay." John retreated behind the bank of lights. "Don't let me interfere with your brave artistic commitments, Mary Jane."

"Up yours, Emily," the photographer snapped. "All right, Gregg, give me that baby-boy pout just once more. And for Christ's sake, shove your cock in between your legs, woudja? You're showing way too much basket for a family magazine."

As Gregg adjusted his equipment underneath his tight sweat pants, he felt his thick cock stiffen at his touch. He was so horny lately. And it seemed like nothing he did gave him satisfaction. Masturbation only increased his desires, and the sex he'd been getting left him feeling emptier and needier than before he went looking for it.

It hadn't always been this way. When he first arrived in the city, fresh from school in Iowa, he'd gone on a sexual rampage that more than made up for the long adolescent nights he'd spent pounding his joint till it ached, desperate for a man's touch. His thick, wheat-colored hair, chiseled face, and taut body had provided him with ample bait for the men he wanted. And the way his butt curved upwards from his muscled thighs caused most ass men to start panting the minute they saw him.

Gregg had gone through partners with abandon, little caring what their needs were, how they looked, or how they treated him. He had only one need, one desire—an obsession really—to get fucked. Hard, fast, and long.

It had seemed to Gregg at times that his asshole had a mind of its own, that it ran his life. No scene was too wild, no place too public, no alley too dangerous if it got him what he wanted—the feel of a hard cock tearing into his asshole. And no fucking was complete, no matter how energized, without the completion of the act—great ropes of manjuice hurtling deep into his guts. In those few seconds that his trick's cum blasted into him, Gregg felt whole, complete; the hungry need would subside and for an instant he could lose himself in an ecstasy far superior to orgasm, a feeling that almost touched nirvana.

He never came with a trick, no matter how incredible the fucking. His partners could question, beg, order, or demand that he come—to no avail. To Gregg, his own orgasm was secondary, the anticlimax to the feel of another man emptying himself into Gregg's guts. At times, his own erect cock became something of a liability, especially when a sex partner would spend too much time on it or, worse, tell Gregg to fuck him. Gregg would oblige if it

Allie, the Italian Gregg met at the bar, was one hell of a stud. Gregg let him walk ahead so he could get a look at the body. What an ass! And huge thighs to match. Maybe this is the guy, Gregg told himself. He could imagine that thick sausage hammering home into his butthole, giving him the ecstasy he so badly needed.

appeared to be the only way he would end up with the man's dick up his ass. But there were times when he would preemptorily end a scene, knowing that the trick would be unable to perform, unable to give him what he needed.

At those times, Gregg would wander the streets, desperately searching for the man who would make him whole, the man who would keep him alive and feeling. He would haunt the scuzziest bars, searching each man's face like a starving hound. And if the bars yielded nothing, he would make his way to the city's worst area, to bars and alleys of no return. There he would offer his ass to any man with a hard dick and willingly take on man after man, to get the ache to stop, just for a little while.

"Okay, Gregg, that's it." The photographer's voice startled him out of his reverie. "I've got what I need. You can take off."

"Thanks a lot, Tony." Gregg's voice seemed, to Gregg himself, to come from a great distance. "Thanks for all your help, John," he called to the makeup man.

"Any time, darlin'. Next time maybe we could do a little more body makeup, especially around your thighs."

"Sure. That would be great," Gregg replied with a wink. He had gotten used to people in the business propositioning him; he knew the best way around it was to be polite and humorous, and let them think there would be a time when he would put out for them.

As he entered the brightly-lit dressing room, Gregg studied his image in the mirror over the dressing table. The hair was almost too perfect, full lips innocently sensual, eyes that lit up with the devil in them as his grandmother used to say. He slowly stripped off his clothing, watching himself carefully as he did so. The few hours a week he spent in the gym kept his body sleek and finely tuned. His chest was hairless, the aureoles surrounding his nipples just slightly darker than the glowing tan of his smooth skin. As he pulled down the tight black sweat pants, he admired the perfect tanlines that cut across his hips and ass. He had always been adamant in his refusal to get an all-over tan, knowing full well that the creamy whiteness of his untanned ass made it an unmistakable target.

Sometimes after a shoot, the desperation of desire would overcome him. As he studied his cock in the mirror it slowly moved into erection, stretching its full eight inches up toward his flat belly. Gregg dipped his fingers into the jar of cold cream on the table and smoothed it onto his cock as if it were a soothing balm. His hand knew the movement his cock desired, the slow up-and-down motion that would push him to the brink. His other hand moved to an erect nipple, tugged and pulled at it, then at the other one. He moved his right hand down his rigid cock to his balls. He gripped the sac and yanked down hard.

His breathing became more labored as he established a rhythm of self-torture, countering each yank on his nuts with a brutal tug at his nipples. Then he moved his right hand down further, caressing the tender flesh behind his balls, his creamy-slick fingers moving inexorably toward the source of his ache, his need. Without pausing, he jammed three fingers up his bunghole. He began a fucking motion with his hand.

He was startled to hear the distinct click of a camera.

"Yeah, that's it, baby," Tony rasped as he moved into the dressing room. Click! "Fuck that asshole"—click!—"make me feel it, too." Click, click!

Automatically, Gregg began to hesitate a fraction of a second in every pose, giving Tony's camera the chance to capture the look he was achieving.

"Fuck that ass, boy—jam those fingers in." Tony's excitement was evident in the gutteral tone of his voice. "Show it to me. Stretch that hole for your man. Oh, baby. . .yeah, do it."

Gregg's fevered imagination responded immediately to Tony's encouragement. He rammed his fingers up his burning asshole, relentlessly driving himself towards orgasm. He slid his left hand wildly up and down his torso, stroking, pinching, and pulling at his tender flesh. He arched his body backwards toward his own plundering digits, which he imagined to be a thick, rigid dick. He needed it so bad, wanted it so much.

"Oh, baby—oh, yeah," he cried, "give it to me. Give it to me!" His left hand flew to his cock, pounding it, beating it toward release. Tony's words became a distant hum as Gregg slowly sank to the floor, his rod spraying cum like foam from a fire extinguisher. A great mantle of blackness covered him and his hand slipped out of his ass as he lay down and lost himself in his private ecstasy. He was alone now, in a silent void, alone, complete within himself, at peace.

Then he felt something warm and wet moving around his balls. Instinctively, he moved his hands down to protect himself—and touched Tony's head. Gregg sat up, and the quick movement caused him some dizziness. "Tony—hey, Tony. Knock it off, would you?" Tony continued to lick at Gregg's softening cock, oblivious to the request. "Tony!" His voice was more forceful this time. "Just cut it out, okay?"

Tony backed off and smiled slyly, almost seductively. "God, Gregg, that was fantastic." He licked his lips. "Do you always beat off like that, or was this special, just for me and the camera?"

"Actually, I toned it down a bit," Gregg

teased. "Usually I get kinda wild. When I'm alone."

The photographer's smile broadened. "We should set up a nude session. You'd make a fortune off the prints alone, the way you burn up the camera. I've got a friend in the business who—"

"I don't think so," Gregg cut in. "I don't like the idea of my cock being in some magazine. I'd have some real problems with my other work if word got out."

"Not to worry, kiddo. We can do it practically in secret if you like. We'll make up a name for you, shade your face in most of the shots, and—"

"I don't think so. It's just not something I want to do."

Tony sighed heavily. "All right. I'll drop it for now. But if you ever change your mind . . ."

Gregg chuckled softly. "I don't think so. And by the way, could I have the negatives? It's not that I don't trust you, it's just that I . . . well, could I have 'em?"

"Sure, kid. I understand. Sure." Tony opened his camera and handed over the film. "Anyway . . . it was fun."

"For me too." Gregg turned to the dressing table as Tony left the room. It had been fun. And hot. But it had not diminished his desire, his need. Shit. He pulled on the skin-tight 501's he'd worn to the studio, admiring the way they moved up the crack of his ass. He knew that the altered cut was almost lewd, but he also knew that his sunny smile was enough to make most people believe the display was an innocent one, just the way the jeans fit him. He slipped his loose pullover over his head, snatched up his duffel bag, and grabbed the outsized jeans jacket that lay on the table.

As he walked out of the studio, it began to drizzle lightly. The air was chilly and damp, the kind of cold that goes to the bone and stays there. He scanned the street for a cab: no such luck. Well, he'd just have to hoof it for a few blocks. He buttoned up his jacket against the chill, slung the duffel over his shoulder, and set off down the darkened street.

As he walked, he thought back to the session in the dressing room. Having Tony there taking pictures of the whole thing had made it especially hot. But in the end all it had done was make Gregg hungrier than ever. Hungry, needy, unsatisfied . . . empty.

He looked up to find himself in front of one of his favorite bars. It was a quiet place—no neon sign, no loud music, no limos at the door—just a simple neighborhood bar where everybody was welcome. Not much cruising, but a lot of talking and being together. He pushed open the heavy oaken door and let the welcoming warmth draw him inside.

The patrons were mostly businessmen, although a few show-biz types and models like Gregg also found it congenial. He

slipped into one of the leather-covered captain's chairs at the bar. It was a relief to get out of the cold and maybe, just maybe, there would be someone here worth pursuing.

"Hey, Gregg," the bartender greeted him. "How ya doin'?"

"I'm okay, Charley. Kind of a long day, you know?"

"Yeah, I know what ya mean. What'll it be?"

"Give me a—" Gregg paused as his eyes locked onto a man's reflection in the mirror. The guy was dark, Italian-looking, probably not much older than Gregg. As Gregg stared at him, the man became aware that he was being looked at. He stared back, and slowly he began to smile, the warmth of his eyes sending a shiver up Gregg's spine.

"Gregg?" Charley regarded him quizzically. "What'll it be?"

"Oh, sorry." He shook his head briskly. "Give me a—hell, I don't have to work tomorrow—give me a rusty nail."

"Comin' right up."

Gregg reached into his jacket for a cigarette. As he put it to his lips, a light flared in front of him. Startled, he looked up to see the mirror man standing next to him.

"Here you go." The voice was low and full of promise. "Mind if I sit down?"

"Please." The man was really hot. Gregg felt as if a fever had suddenly spread over his body, making him weak and mindless. "My name is Gregg Deighton." His voice sounded unnatural, strained.

"Alberto Gallo." So he *was* Italian. "My friends call me Allie." He stretched out a big hairy hand and covered Gregg's with it. "Haven't I seen you around here before?"

The handshake hit Gregg in the knees. "Uh, yeah, maybe. I do come here a lot. But I don't think I've ever seen you before."

"Guess not. So. . .what do you do—for a living, I mean?"

Gregg swallowed hard to get himself under control. "I'm a model." Damn. What was it about this guy that was making him so shaky?

"A model, huh? That's pretty cool. Me and my brother have a fish market down on the wharf. You ever been down that way?"

Gregg had been down that way. But only after dark. "Well, not really. I mean, my schedule doesn't allow me a lot of time for shopping and stuff. I usually eat out."

"You oughta come down sometime. I could show you some things I bet you've never seen. It's a pretty lively part of town, ya know." Allie's dark eyes twinkled with—what? Greg wondered. An invitation? A promise?

"Uh, that'd be great." He took a quick gulp of his drink. He couldn't let this one get away. There was something about him. The guy was sexy, that was for sure. And the dark sweat shirt he wore did little to hide his broad chest. And those arms—God, the man had biceps like Virginia hams. Gregg imagined being swept up in those powerful arms, powerless to resist. . .

"Gregg? Hey, Gregg." Allie was looking at him with concern. "Are you okay?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I'm fine. Tired, I guess. More than I thought. Drifted off for a minute."

"I know what you mean. I'm up at three just about every morning. Gotta get down to the docks to make sure we get the best seafood available, ya know. But every once in a while Guido lets me take a couple of days off to recuperate."

"Guido?"

"Yeah. He's my older brother. Me and him run the business together." At least Guido wasn't a lover. "So Gregg—you hungry or what? I was just gettin' ready to go out for some eats. I could use a steak and some pasta. Thought I'd head over to Roma."

Food had to be the last thing on Gregg's mind, but he knew he needed more time with this guy. "Sure, Allie, that'd be great. I've never been to Roma."

"My cousin Mario owns the place. He'll give us a great table. Ya ready?" The tone was folksy and jovial, but it was nearer an order than a question. The guy really took over.

"Sure, Allie. Let's go." Gregg threw a few bills down on the bar and they were out the door. He let Allie walk in front of him so he could get a good look at the guy's body. Shoulders like a linebacker, narrow waist—and what an ass! Like a Morgan horse—big, square butt cheeks that looked like they were about to jump out of his jeans. And huge thighs to match. One terrific-looking package.

"You all right about walking, Gregg? It's only a few blocks."

"Sure, why not." The drizzle had ended, and the two men walked slowly up the street. *Maybe this is the guy,* Gregg told himself. *Maybe he's the fucker I've been looking for.* His cock stirred at the thought of making it with Allie. Gregg could imagine that thick sausage hammering home into his butthole, giving him the ecstasy he so badly needed. Allie seemed so self-assured, so in control, as if he had known Gregg for a long time, as if he was used to giving orders.

"Here we are, big guy." Allie stopped in front of a lively-looking restaurant. "C'mon."

The two men strode inside. The room was big and noisy, full of dark-haired men and women busily eating and drinking and talking. The place had the air of a family gathering, with waiters running back and forth with platters of food, everyone speaking at the same time. Gregg felt a little out of place in this room full of Italians, as if his blond hair and blue eyes made him unwelcome.

"Hey, Alberto!" someone yelled from across the room. Gregg looked up to see an older, heavier version of Allie coming across the room towards them. "How ya doin', kid?" He enveloped Allie in an exuberant hug.

"Great, Mario. Listen, this here's my friend Gregg."

Gregg felt the older man's eyes rake over him approvingly. "How ya doin', Gregg?"

"Fine. Really." Gregg felt somewhat overwhelmed by the man's welcome. "This is a great-looking place, Mario."

"Thanks a lot, kid. Glad ya like it. So Alberto—how about a nice table on the balcony?" Mario smiled slyly.

"Lead us to it."

Once they were seated on the balcony, Gregg realized why Mario had led them to that particular area. Although the big room was clearly visible from their table, it was quiet, removed from the good-natured din below.

"So, Gregg, all right I order for both of us? I thought we'd have a couple of rare Delmonicos, a salad, maybe some fettuccine alfredo, and maybe some nice Chianti."

"Sounds good to me."

"Hey, Marcella," Allie yelled at a waitress. "Bring me the usual—but make it two."

"Sure thing, Allie."

As they ate the delicious food, Gregg listened intently to Allie holding forth on himself and his life. The man was twenty-seven, only two years older than Gregg, but his self-assurance and confidence belied his years. He ate with gusto, savoring every morsel. Gregg had to force himself to attend to his food, so mesmerized was he by Allie's ebullience.

"So, Gregg—how long ya been gay?"

The question startled him. It was so matter-of-fact, so straightforward. So like Allie. Gregg was beginning to realize. "Well, always I guess. I mean—" Shit, he could hardly think with Allie looking at him like that. "I don't think there was ever a time when I wasn't gay. I was kinda quiet in school. I went out for swimming and stuff, but I always felt apart from the other kids—you know? So I spent most of my time alone."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Thing for me is, I grew up here in the city around a whole lot of relatives." He smiled broadly and leaned in towards Gregg. "I used to get it on with Mario, but that was a long time ago."

"No kidding?" The admission both excited and repelled him. He could imagine Allie whimpering as Mario plugged his tight little hole.

Allie stared at him reflectively. "It's fun-

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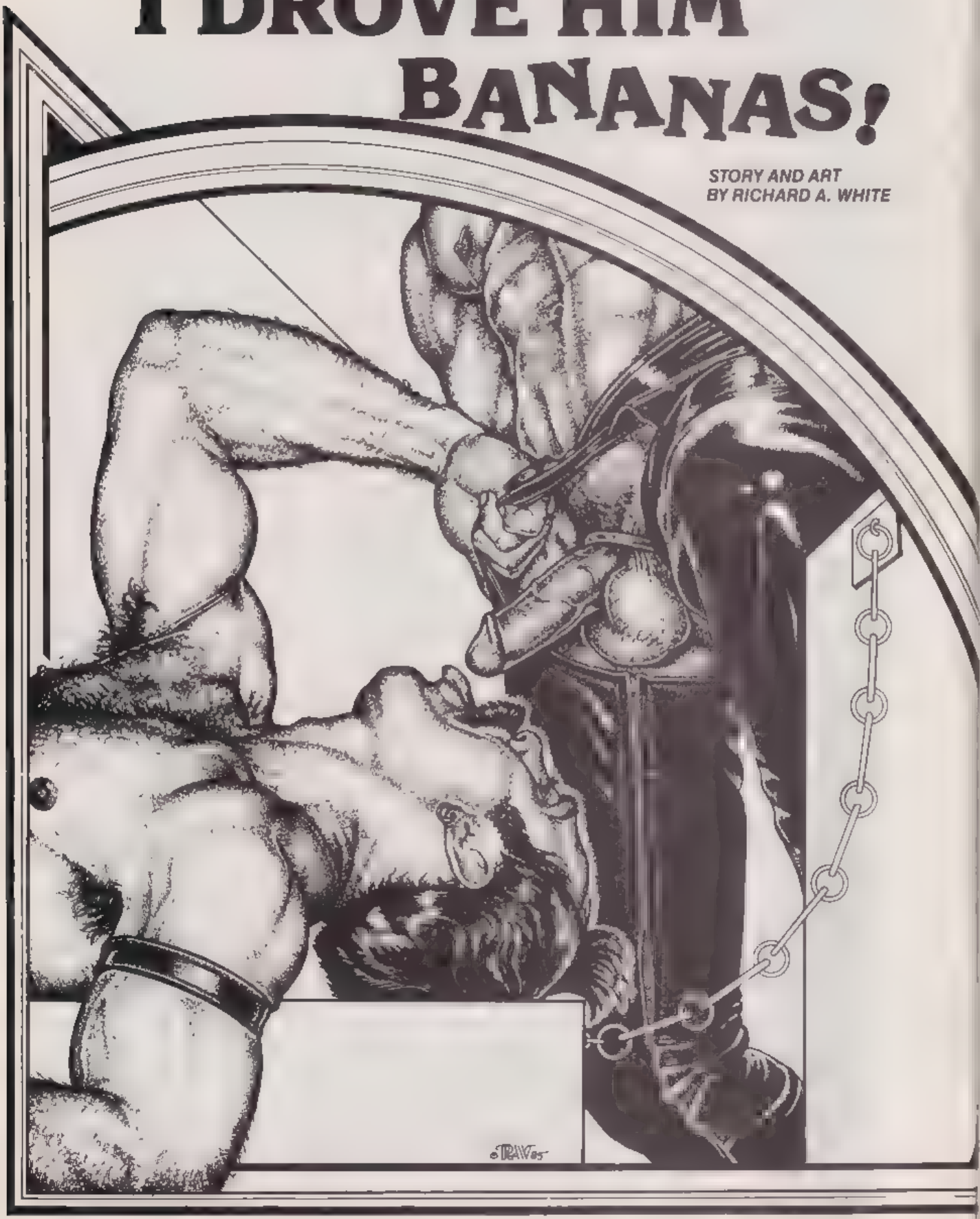
I DROVE HIM BANANAS!

STORY AND ART
BY RICHARD A. WHITE



There is no one more certain of his "masculinity" than someone who hasn't discovered it. I live in a college neighborhood, with a large percentage of young men in their twenties. Many are designers, architects, artists, and engineers. The engineers and architects, often feeling a bit intimidated by the large gay artist population, will often overemphasize their "straightness." The messy thing about overemphasizing one facet of your sexuality is that it is an arrow pointing in the opposite direction, to whatever "flaw" you're trying to hide—like the men who inflate their tits and arms so you won't notice how small their cocks are.

One man in particular comes to mind. He lives in the building that shares a courtyard with mine. Our bedrooms and kitchens face one another straight on in the courtyard—very convenient for someone with my voyeuristic tendencies. "Stanley Straight," as I refer to him, is always running around in a pair of gym shorts, summer or winter, with see-through bamboo shades on his windows. He's an architecture student, about 21 years old, so he can't be naive enough to believe that no one can see through his flimsy blinds! He also knows that I'm often at the sink in my kitchen, noticing his short, thick torso and meaty, hairy legs, although he never looks directly into my windows.

I'm one floor above Stan so I look down on him when he draws the blinds to beat off in front of the mirror at the foot of his bed. He often has a magazine in his hand as he plays with his pork, but I've never been able to see the pictures in the book to determine whether they're male or female shots. As if I couldn't guess. I must learn to trust my own intuition more than other people's "acts."

My favorite thing that he does is to get on his hands and knees, butt facing the full-length mirror, and examine his ass-hole through his legs. He pries it open, slides greasy fingers across it, strokes the profuse black hairs around the orifice, and finally he'll slide his middle finger in as he beats off. His bushy balls flop around between his legs as he whips his short, fat cock. It seems his cum-load usually splatters into his face, since he'll roll over afterwards and smear the cum into his cheeks, then wipe it off with a tissue from a box he keeps by the bed. (I've never seen him blow his nose.)

But of course, he's "straight."

About as straight as a ram's horn.

He has a female roommate whose bedroom faces the other direction (thank God), so I only see her in the kitchen. She's tall, thin, no tits, flat ass, and has a boy's D.A. haircut. I guess she's the closest thing he could get to a male roommate without tarnishing his macho image. The amusing thing about watching them in the kitchen is seeing Stan run around washing and wiping the sink and stove and refrigerator after his roommate cooks a snack. Mama would be very proud of him.

To balance my smugly superior attitude, I must confess that I am twenty years older than Stan, that I've already been through those years of clinging desperately to a facade that only I believed in; that I've seen myself fall in love with all the wrong people for all the wrong reasons. So I'm certainly no innocent when it comes to self-delusion and fraud.

The difference between Stan and me is that at an early age I let myself be guided by those who I realized knew better than I what I needed to experience. Stan has many gay friends who visit, and they will often peek up at my window. I even waved at one when he took a photograph of me from Stan's kitchen window. I may be forty, but I'm still good-looking. No false modesty in this house.

About a month ago, my parents gave me their old air-conditioner. It's a big behemouth that cools my bedroom like a polar ice cap. Unfortunately, it means sealing the bedroom window, so I can only see Stan really well from my kitchen. No matter, since that's the window closer to his bedroom anyway. Stan, still a struggling student, has no air-conditioner—unlike myself, the struggling artist with a Master's degree.

One particularly clammy July night, I went to the bathroom to piss and noticed Stan's lights still on. It was three a.m. and he's usually asleep by then. I walked to the kitchen and saw that he was sitting up, at the edge of the bed, with a wet towel. He dipped the towel into a bucket of ice water. He was bare-assed, and the heat and sweat made whirls of wet, black fringe out of his profuse leg hairs. (It's in summer that I'm glad I'm not hairy.)

I stood watching him sympathetically, when suddenly he rose and came to his window, hoping for a breeze where there was none. He was too wilted to be worried about his nakedness when he saw me in my kitchen. I had a T-shirt and shorts on, since my bedroom is so cold.

When Stan saw me, he nodded awkwardly, then whispered, "Lucky you . . . you're nice and cool."

I nodded and said, "C'mon up for a beer. . . cool off."

There was a slight pause, then he nodded and asked, "What apartment are you in?"

Odd, I thought. Why didn't he ask my name? Or did he know already? I told him the number and waited, then I buzzed him in. He was reeking of the sweetest smell there is: male sweat. I shook his hand at the door and said, "I'm Richard."

He nodded, bobbing slightly on his New-Balance whites, and grinned. "I'm Stan. You're the artist."

I handed him a beer and led him down the corridor to my icy-dry bedroom. I had the late-night movie on the color TV and clean cotton sheets on the bed.

"I never gave much thought to fucking with . . ." the student said, unable to finish his sentence. "With *men*," I insisted. "If you're gonna be one-on-one with a *man*, you have to be a man. You have to know the power of a man, know the inside of a man's head well enough to understand what he wants—as no woman ever could."

It was heaven for him. "Wow, this is great! So fuckin' hot at my place," he said, his macho stance still in high gear.

There are four pillows on my big bed so I told him to plop down. I asked him, "How'd you know I was an artist?" (On the way to the bedroom, we had *not* passed the scandalous profusion of flesh on my living room walls.)

"Oh," he grinned, "*everyone* knows you—you're famous—in all those magazines."

"Those" magazines—he couldn't even say the word gay!

I grinned and watched the movie for a few seconds. Ironically, it was *Citizen Kane*, the story of a man whose entire life was wrapped up in a fraudulent image, and who never found love. Stan had seen it many times and was surprisingly astute in his observations. He lay with his legs crossed at the calves so that they seemed even thicker and more powerfully muscular than when he's bent over finger-fucking his shit-hole.

"The poor slob spent his whole life getting all the stuff he thought mattered. And *he* mattered not at all to anyone else, poor guy," Stan said.

I decided there might be hope for Stan yet, once he uncrossed his legs and dropped the tough-guy routine.

When a commercial interrupted the black-and-white movie, Stan remarked, "Color, too. You got it all in here."

I grinned. "And I've *had* it all in here."

Stan smiled nervously and chugged at his beer, then said, "I'll bet. All them guys you put in your drawings."

"No," I said seriously, "I don't fuck with the models." (Well, not usually.) "I'm talking about the men I sleep with. And fuck with."

My seriousness in correcting his presumptuousness sparked his interest. I could see it in his eyes. I wasn't one of his little nelly friends that he could so easily impress. He set his beer down by the bed and asked, "Aren't you afraid about this AIDS thing?"

I nodded. "Of course. But there are plenty of ways to have boilin' hot sex and still be safe. Is *that* the excuse you give yourself for not discovering who you are?" I asked, staring directly into his eyes, smiling to soften the blow to his ego.

He went with my smile, and returned it. "No, it just doesn't interest me—personally. Besides, I spend too much time at my desk, working at being an architect," he said softly, clutching his beer again, as if it were a magic totem to protect him against faggots.

"Oh," I chuckled, "so *that's* your excuse—no time. That's what husbands say to their wives, isn't it?"

"I guess. I dunno. I never thought much about... about fuckin' with..." He paused, unable to get the word out.

"With men," I insisted. "Probably just as well. You're young. If you're gonna be one-on-one with a *man*, you have to *be* a man. You have to know the *power* of a man, know the inside of a man's head well enough to understand what he wants—like no woman ever could. No woman knows where it feels good on your cock. They never understand the driving need of the male ego for conquest and satisfaction, never know what it takes to go head-to-head with a man in heat. You have to be a man to do that—not a woman, or a boy. I cringed at the self-righteousness I was doling out to him in order to strip away his macho veneer, to chip and challenge his ego, to shock him awake!

His eyes were riveted to me. Then the movie came back on and we watched silently, sipping beers. I knew I'd have to say something neutral to part the clouds of terror and confusion shrouding his eyes. Looking at the screen, in my most congenial tone I said softly, "For years they've tried to sift out just how much of this film Welles himself really created."

That eased Stan's rigidity a bit, and he perked up and offered, "Yeah, but what does it matter? It's still a great film no matter what. The effects would have overwhelmed anyone else as the main character. Welles is so powerful."

I nodded and smiled at him. Then, so as not to let his ego get swelled again, I said, "Powerful financially, politically, and egoistically—but emotionally inert, as dead as his sled named Rosebud."

Stan nodded in agreement.

Then silence.

His not leaving told me that he was waiting for something, that he wanted to be here. My fears that perhaps I'd gone too far too fast were dispelled by his lying next to me, half-naked, swigging down beer. I got up to get us two more and he went to piss. He was staying—that was certain.

I put something in the freezer for later—I knew now that there would be a later—and returned to find him with his sneakers and socks off and his T-shirt thrown onto the bed behind him. Unsheathed and up close, the legs I'd coveted for months through hazy blinds were revealed to me as even hairier and more veined with muscle than I had hoped. And his bare torso was a dream come true.

"I didn't wanna to get my sweat all over your nice pillowcases," he explained in reference to the T-shirt behind his back.

I pulled it away and placed it on the doorknob. "These sheets and pillowcases are nice only when they're soaked with a man's sweat. Go ahead, sweat your balls off."

I was enjoying igniting him, pointing him in the direction I knew he wanted to go. He flew alongside me, eagerly.

At the commercial he said softly, "You know, I didn't mean to insult you about... about bein' gay or anything. It's just that I'm not into it, that's all."

I looked over at him, his dark eyes glistening in the soft light. "You *are* young, Stan. But I'm not. Take off your pants."

I doffed my shorts and tugged on a pair of black-leather chaps from my closet.

He began, "Look, I really don't think this is gonna—" I cut him off by curtly hissing, "Men strip in front of one another all the time. That bother you, boy?"

He paused, stared at my long, thickening cock, then with a patronizing grin, said, "Nope, don't bother *me*, none." He flipped off his shorts and lay back on the bed. "Now what?" The edge to his voice said, *You can't scare me, faggot. I'm a man. I can do anything you can do.*

Fat chance.

I tightened the waistband of my chaps. "Raise your legs and show me your manhole," I said, standing over him.

He chuckled to hide his terror. "Wha-a-a-a-t? You gotta be kiddin'!"

I swatted his thigh—hard—and said through gritted teeth, "You don't think anything of wavin' your butt in the window when you know I'm lookin' at you. Now lemme see it up close. Spread 'em!"

Stan started to pale, then made a false gesture to get up from the bed. I shoved him back into the pillows, my cock standing straight out. His eyes locked onto it, then stared into my penetrating gaze. He tried again to grin, to soften the importance of this revelation we were creating for him. I slapped his thigh again, harder. And his cock started to stiffen.

"I know better than *you* do what you want," I said sternly. "Raise your fuckin' legs and show me your shit-hole."

He raised his legs, his eyes never leaving mine, and slowly parted his tree-trunk thighs. His balls swelled and rose until I could see what I wanted to see—almost.

"I said *spread* 'em. Part 'em like you do in the mirror. Hold your knees up with your elbows and spread your cheeks with those big hands of yours. Lemme see that shiny-pink button inside your black fur. Higher. Put your knees up to your ears. That's the boy. Open it for me. Damn, that's a beautiful sight! Lookit that man's asshole!"

Stan was mortified, and humiliated. But his hard-on had gotten even harder. I squatted down to see and smell his butt. His balls twitched as my hot breath whooshed over his hole, the pucker tightening as my nose edged closer.

"I... I don't know what you want... I..."

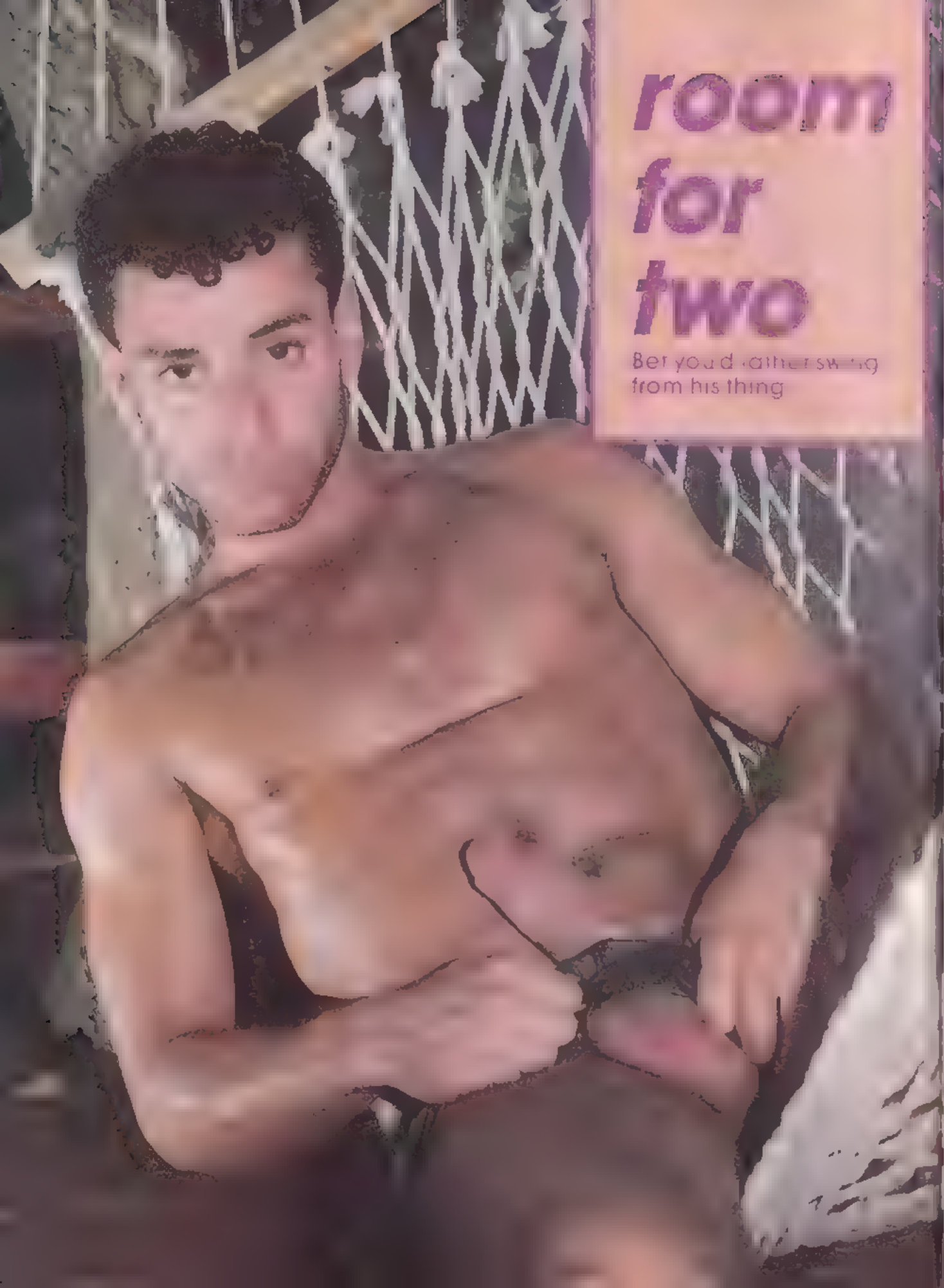
Stan was totally bewildered that I found his asshole so dazzlingly beautiful, but he

Continued to page 71

room for two

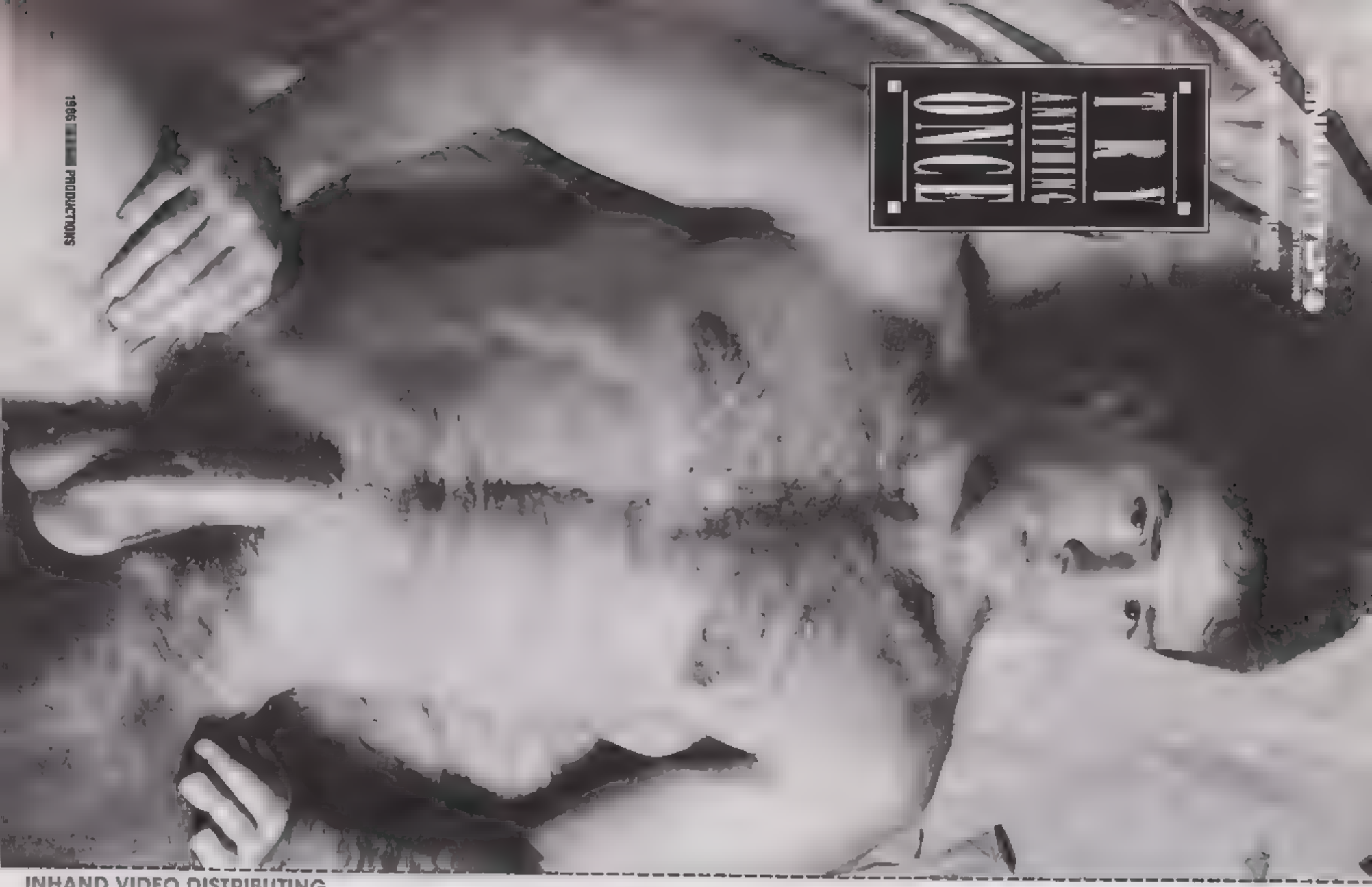
Wanna swing from his hammock?

Section photographed by Joseph Modica


room
for
two
Bet you'd rather swing
from his thing

room for two

He'll gladly accommodate you. After all, swinging alone isn't as much fun as swinging with two



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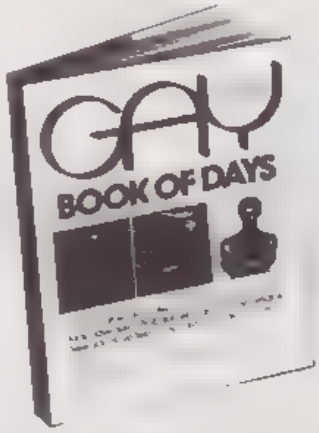

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SUPERIOR SEX

BY E. WAYNE INGLE • ART BY MATT

I heard a movement outside the tent. Just as thoughts of wild animals were about to overwhelm me, the tent-flap opened and Cory crawled in. Neither of us spoke and presently his mouth was on mine in a kiss. I kissed back, savoring the sweetness that I had dreamed of all day.

"If you would, sir, please park your vehicle over there and take this to the immigration officer."

The uniformed lady handed me a yellow slip of paper before moving away from my pickup truck. Instead of pulling into the main stream of traffic entering Canada, I swung under a covered canopy between a station wagon and another pickup. Customs officers stood around the station wagon as the passengers carefully unpacked suitcases for inspection.

Inside the adjacent building, I stood patiently in line at the immigration desk. It didn't take as long as I feared.

"May I see your driver's license, sir?"

I handed it to the officer, an older man with striking silver hair and moustache.

"How long do you plan to stay in Canada, Mr. Post?" he asked as he scanned my license.

"About a week."

"What's your business here, sir?"

"Vacation. I plan to camp along the shores of Superior."

"I see. Please wait here for a moment."

He took my license and went into a glass-walled inner office where several people were seated at computer terminals. I assumed they were checking for any warrants, arrests, or legal problems in the States.

Only minutes before, I could hardly squelch my excitement as I drove over the bridge into Sault St. Marie on my first trip to Canada. According to my calculations, I had just enough daylight to make it to a provincial park about 350 kilometers north of Sault St. Marie, that is, if the customs officers didn't require me to unload my truck. It would take hours to go through all my gear.

"Here you are, Mr. Post. Everything's in order. Give this form to one of the officers outside and they'll see you on your way. Enjoy your holiday in Ontario!"

Thanking him, I took my license and the slip of paper. Outside, a young man swiftly checked the cab of the truck, looking under and behind the seat and in the glovebox. I held my breath as he peered through the camper top at sleeping bags, boxes, and suitcases.

"Welcome to Canada, sir. Enjoy your stay."

. . .

The two-lane road twisted and turned through the countryside, never completely leaving sight of magnificent Lake Superior. The icy blue water stretched as far as the eye could see, looking for all the world like an ocean. Wildflowers lined the road—pink, purple, and white lupines, their tall stalks bending only slightly in the constant breeze blowing in from the lake.

I was shaken from my daydream when the truck started pulling violently to one side. The sensation was unmistakable—a flat tire. I pulled over on the shoulder and sat for a minute cursing Lady Luck.

Thirty minutes later, with spare in place and my flat in the floorboard, I resumed the trip. I had passed only a handful of cars on the road, and fewer towns. My road atlas indicated that a little town called Wawa lay just ahead. Surely they would have a service station.

. . .

"Just a small nail, mister. It's as good as new now."

I paid the attendant and thanked him for putting me ahead of the other cars already in his garage. "Do you have a rest room? It's still a good hour before I reach the campground."

"Sure. It's right around back."

I took a long-overdue leak, wondering how I could hold so much. While washing my hands and face, the door pushed open and a young man with a backpack entered. I watched him in the mirror.

"Nice day, eh?" he said, laying his pack on the tiled floor.

"Now that I've got my tire fixed it is."

The urinal was right next to the sink in the tiny rest room and he positioned himself in front of it. I stole a quick glance as he unzipped to relieve himself. He almost caught me looking when he turned with a smile to resume his friendly conversation. It was hard not to let my eyes wander while he stood there pissing with hands on hips, talking as easily as if we were standing outside.

"You're not from the provinces, are you? You have an accent."

"No, I'm from Alabama. I'm on vacation ...uh, I mean, 'on holiday,' as you call it."

He finished and looked away briefly, giving me a chance for a quick look. His cock was classic, smooth and long with a broad head that stuck out of his fist as he shook it. A soft halo of dark pubic hair sprung from the open zipper.

"My name is Cory."

His outstretched hand somewhat surprised me and I hesitated for a moment. Meeting people in a rest room was a new experience.

"What's the matter? I haven't got germs or anything," he smiled.

"No, no, it's not that. I was just thinking about something else. My name is Ernie, Ernie Post. Glad to meet you, Cory." I firmly shook his hand.

He followed me to the truck carrying his backpack by the straps. Somehow I knew he was going to ask for a ride.

"Where are you headed, Ernie?"

"I'm completely circling Superior, camping out along the way."

"Do you mind if I come along? No free ride—I've got money. I'm wanting to reach the country I love."

Trying my best to remain interested as he talked, my mind kept wandering back to the rest room and that beautifully-sculpted cock. I wanted so badly to lay my beard between his thighs and show him how we do it down South.

. . .

"Wake up, Cory! I need your help!"

I was outside tapping on the passenger window. Cory was still asleep, with his cheek mashed against the glass. He woke quickly and climbed out of the truck looking a little sheepish.

"Sorry. I guess I was more exhausted than I realized."

"It's okay. How about going over to the bathhouse and getting some water. I've got the tent pitched, but I need to scavenge for some firewood."

I handed him a bucket and pointed him in the direction of the bathhouse. The park itself wasn't very crowded and I was able to secure a spot only 25 yards or so from the lake. What had been sandy shores in the south was giving way to craggy rocks and trees. It reminded me of New England.

I was half-heartedly hoping he'd share my three-man tent, but I didn't want to push him. It had been a couple of weeks since I'd had any sex, and though I really didn't expect the occasion to arise on vacation, I was sharply aware of how long it had been. I don't consider myself an animal, but campfires, lakes, and quiet nights often awaken a hokey streak of romanticism in me.

When I returned with an armload of wood and kindling, I saw the sleek, blue, one-man tent alongside mine. Cory was at the table pouring coffee from a thermos into mugs. In a short time I had a fire blazing and we sat across from each other in folding chairs. The firelight cast shadows as it punched a friendly hole in the darkness that had settled around us. The air had grown a little nippy, and I held my mug with both hands and sipped slowly.

"Do you always vacation by yourself?" Cory asked, breaking the comfortable silence.

"There isn't anybody but myself."

"No little 'Ernie, Jr' to teach how to camp and fish?" he winked.

"None that I know of."

I looked across the fire at Cory, the light dancing on his passive face. He looked a million miles away.

"I guess I'm a bit of a loner myself," he said. "I don't socialize much. I'd rather be out here in the woods."

"Don't you get lonely?"

"Doesn't everybody?" he countered, looking me directly in the eye.

"I guess you're right." Draining the last of my coffee, I stood up and walked over to where he sat.

"I'm going to the bathhouse to wash off some of the road dirt."

I placed my hand on his shoulder and gave it a squeeze, lingering a fraction longer than just a friendly gesture. Cory didn't move. That was as far as I would go; if he were receptive, the message would be clear.

Toiletries and flashlight in hand, I walked toward the showers. Turning to look, I saw Cory with his back to me, still sitting before the fire as I'd left him.

Cory was gracefully arched, his head thrown back as my hand investigated each muscle and curve. It was a slow, sweet fuck...

Thunder Bay. You pass right through it before you enter the States."

. . .

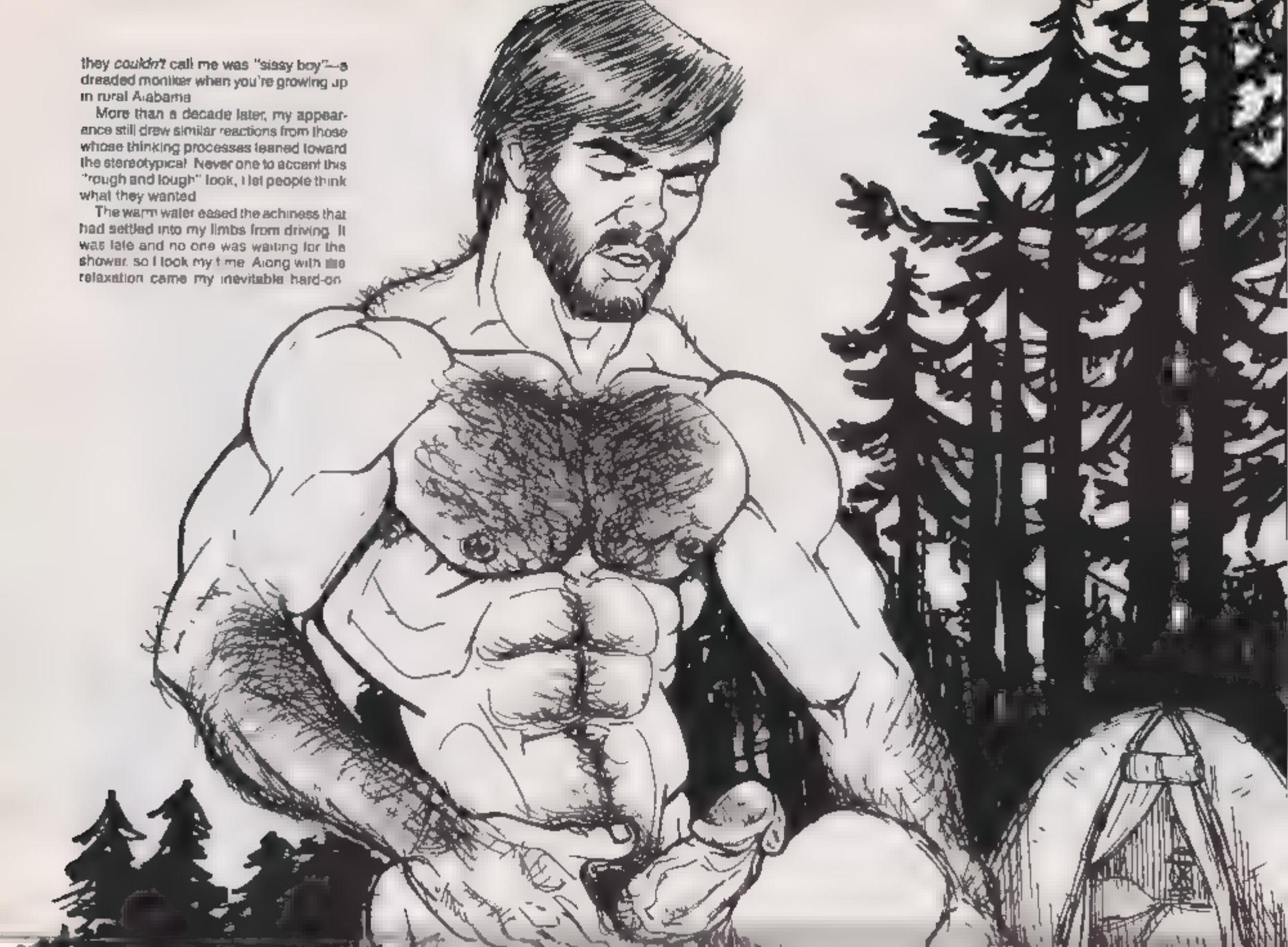
Within a couple of hours, the young hitchhiker had fallen asleep, his head leaning against the window as we sped along the desolate highway. I have rarely picked up riders before, but I had good feelings about this guy for some reason.

The road was level and straight, giving me ample opportunity to take leisurely looks at my riding companion. Dark-haired and short, the French ancestry was quite evident. He wore long, loose-fitting khaki walking shorts, hiking boots with thick socks, and a gray T-shirt decorated with the Mercedes Benz emblem. His ruddy cheeks and tanned limbs told me he was no stranger to the out of doors. During our animated conversation prior to his falling asleep, the young Canadian told me of his family in Quebec, his forestry studies at the university there, and the two-month "field trip" he was on, "to relax and get close to

. . .

The facilities were as good as any I'd seen in the States—no burned-out light bulbs and plenty of toilet paper. I stripped to the waist and stood before the mirror. Not bad for thirty-eight; my hair and beard were only slightly tinged with gray. What the hell, I never was one to imagine myself anything other than what I was. Let it go gray. Let it fall out!

After brushing my teeth, I removed the rest of my clothing and examined the single shower stall in the deserted building. Testing to see if the hot water was indeed hot, I adjusted the spray and stepped under. After two days, it felt like a long-forgotten luxury. I let the water run down my face, beard, and chest, soaking and matting the copious expanse of hair. "Monkey Man" was what they called me in high-school gym class. Initially I found hirsuteness at such an early age embarrassing. But I soon grew to appreciate the strong manly impression it gave. One thing



they *couldn't* call me was "sissy boy"—a dreaded moniker when you're growing up in rural Alabama.

More than a decade later, my appearance still drew similar reactions from those whose thinking processes leaned toward the stereotypical. Never one to accent this "rough and tough" look, I let people think what they wanted.

The warm water eased the achiness that had settled into my limbs from driving. It was late and no one was waiting for the shower, so I took my time. Along with the relaxation came my inevitable hard-on.

MATT

Showers always have that effect on me. Perhaps it's because as a young boy I found the privacy to masturbate only in the shower. Some subliminal connection with water and soap always elicited a boner. And, as when I was young, it didn't go unattended.

Bracing myself in the corner of the stall with straddled legs, I took my old friend in hand and began to stroke. God, how good it felt after so many days! I knew it wouldn't take me long to come, but I wanted to prolong it. With eyes closed, I felt the water pelt me, and the rushing sound filled my ears. I didn't have to concentrate on fantasies—they just came.

Visions of Cory floated by as clear as if they were actually happening. We were in the service station rest room. I knelt before him to take his cock in my mouth. My hands explored his firm, hairless ass, parting and probing as his balls slammed into my beard. I stopped when I approached orgasm, my chest heaving under the spray. I wanted so badly for Cory to walk up to the bathhouse and join me in the solitary stall. I waited, listening for footsteps or an opening door. Nothing.

Resuming my ministrations, visions of the young Canadian once again came to me. We were in the shower together, our bodies pressed in a wet embrace. I held his young face in my hands and covered it with kisses, planting them on his mouth, neck, and chest. The water was all I could hear, hungry flesh all I could feel. He turned around and I pressed my dick between his buttocks, straining and flexing as I entered. My hands went around him and I manipulated his erection, stroking and thrusting blindly.

This time I couldn't stop pounding away as orgasm washed over me. Weak-kneed, I pressed my head tightly against the tiled stall. My cock heaved in my fist, grateful for the release. Looking down, I saw my semen swirl and disappear into the round, perforated drain.

* * *

The flashlight beam bounced through the darkness, illuminating the ground as I walked back to the campsite. The night was still, save for Superior's watersong along the shore. The blazing campfire had reduced itself to coals, and two folding chairs sat empty. Cory had retired to his tent; I secured the truck and poured water on the embers and crawled into mine.

Stripping down to the buff, I wriggled into my sleeping bag, punched my pillow a couple of times, and settled in to sleep. The lull of Superior and the breeze blowing through the zippered mesh door soon did the trick. I slipped into unconsciousness.

I didn't awake with a start; rather, I calmly opened my eyes knowing I'd heard something. I couldn't have been asleep long, but I was hot in the sleeping bag. I unzipped the sides and spread it out like a pallet. Lying naked and spread-eagle in the darkness, my body tingled in the cool air. I rubbed my hand through my chest hair, and further down until it encircled my cock, lying semi-hard against my thigh.

There it was again... movement outside. Just as thoughts of wild animals were about to overwhelm me, the tent-flap zipper opened and Cory crawled in, closing it behind him. Neither of us spoke. I sensed him groping around in the darkness until a cool hand closed on my arm. In seconds his mouth was on mine in a kiss, his tongue, warm and urgent, making its way into my mouth. I kissed back, savoring the sweetness I had dreamed of all day.

The young man stretched his body over mine, and my hands crept down his back to cradle his brief-clad ass. My cock was at attention now and stood between his parted legs. I could feel his erection pinned between our stomachs as we lay there motionless.

"So what do you think of Canada, my American friend?" Cory's fingers traced my lips as he spoke.

"It's been very titillating thus far," I whispered hoarsely in the dark.

The midnight intruder stood over me and I helped him remove his briefs. I sat up, and brought my face in contact with that lovely piece of meat. I couldn't see it, but I made a quick topographical study with my tongue. Like in my fantasy, my hands went straight for his ass as I buried him to the hilt in my mouth. Deep-throated, I held him there while my fingers found their mark. The bittersweet smell of a day's sweat filled my head. Cory's hands moved from my head to my shoulders as I caught the rhythm of his loins. He would pull back until the broad head of his dick lay between my lips, and I would shove him back in from behind, each thrust making his legs tremble a little more.

Faster he ground, making shorter thrusts. I could feel his cock swell as he neared his climax. With a short cry, he slammed into my face a final time and held.

"Lay back, my friend," Cory whispered into my ear, when he had finished emptying himself in my mouth.

I did as he instructed and he straddled me on his knees. My cock, still hard as before, reached between his buttocks almost to the small of his back. Leaning forward, he began to caress my shoulders and chest. He reached behind to guide my cock between his cheeks, and slowly sat back on it. I could feel him opening for me. When my cockhead was in, Cory lingered for a delicious moment. Then my hips stirred slightly upward, and he gave way. Fully hidden in the boy's depths, I thought of being hidden in the dark tent amongst the lonely trees. And in that instant, I felt love. Lust is concerned with one individual's needs, regardless of what it takes to achieve them. But as surely as I physically filled this young man, he filled my heart.

With one hand around his hardening cock, I rubbed his chest with the other. Cory was gracefully arched, his head thrown back as my hand investigated each muscle and curve. It was a slow, sweet fuck. I felt each gentle constriction as he tightened around my cock. Matching his movements, I squeezed and stroked him lightly.

Cory rocked back and forth in the darkness while I lay perfectly still. He fucked my hand and rode me with a slow, deliberate rhythm. It took everything in me to let him do the work.

"I'm about to come, Ernie, but I want you to hold off."

Even as he said this, I felt the semen from his second orgasm stream down my fist. His ass clamped down on me, and I milked the last of that beautiful cock with both hands.

"Now fuck me *hard*!"

In one fluid motion we rolled over on the sleeping bag and Cory locked his legs around my waist. I dug in fast and hard, grunting with each urgent thrust, my ears ringing with pleasure. Cory's arms and legs clung to my frame as I kissed him deeply and fully. Possessed by love and lust, heat and passion, I exploded inside him.

* * *

"The last of my stuff is in the truck, Ernie."

Cory's arm touched my back as I stood at the edge of the lake looking out at the first rays of the new morning. Soon the sun would burn away the cool mist, but now our breath condensed in faint clouds and hung in the air as we spoke.

"Do you have anything like this in Alabama?" Cory asked.

I looked him up and down, to make sure he got the message. "No. Nothing even close."

I reached down and picked up a perfectly smooth stone, and Cory did the same. We reared back and sent the stones over the icy water. They skipped along the glassy surface side by side and then, together, plunged into the depths. Before the toss, I had made a wish. I wondered if Cory had, too. I wondered if his wish was the same as mine. ■

Flush
'N'

Flush
'N'

Go
HONCHO / MAR

MARTINEZ

Jason was an intensely sexual man, and it was through our love-making that I made my greatest contribution to his career. Whenever he was experiencing writer's block he would come to me for inspiration. I would take him into my body so that he could purge himself of his frustrations.

THE MAN FROM NOWHERE

BY WILF RACE • ART BY MARTINE

Daylight came with incredible stillness. Orange light bathed the slate-gray, jagged rock of the pinnacle. The tall, slender pines stood proud and black against the dawn, their torn bark and broken branches evidence of the violence of the storm. By eight o'clock the heat was intense.

I was still a little bewildered. It had been so unexpected. I knew virtually nothing about him. Paul Bondy he had said his name was. Paul. That was all I knew about him, except what his body had taught me.

But it was the stillness of the air that was most bewildering. Not so much as a whisper of wind. The contrast was almost frightening. Perhaps it was Mother Nature's way of repenting for the orgy of violence she had unleashed a few hours earlier.

I had been alone in my rocky retreat, just as I had been every day and every night since Jason had disappeared a little more than a year ago. It had been our place, and after he was gone I couldn't bear to share it with anyone else. Just a small wooden cabin built against the face of a huge slab of granite that rose out of the black waters of a deep, precambrian lake. A single room and a galley-type kitchen, with a screened-in porch that ran the length of the southern exposure. It was on the pine-scented porch that we always slept and made love. Far below, where the rock met the water, was where we tied our boat, our only lifeline to the outside world.

Jason was a writer, and every year we would come to our remote retreat about the middle of May and stay until the end of September, so that he could produce his final manuscripts from the volumes of research notes that he would accumulate during the winter months. He always had his most creative moments and produced his most brilliant prose at the cabin—the only place where he could escape from his editors and publishers. Jason's typewriter still held the sheet of paper that would have become page 206 of the final draft of his third novel.

Ours had been a wonderful relationship. I had been a high-school English teacher before meeting Jason. I had fallen in love with both his brilliance and his body the night we met, and I had immediately given up my teaching career to become his literary agent. We became a successful team, and by the time he published his

second novel, he had become a widely read and a widely acclaimed author. I took great pride in his success, but it was our private life that brought me such deep joy and satisfaction.

Jason was an intensely sexual man, and it was through our love-making that I made my greatest contribution to his career. Whenever he was experiencing writer's block he would come to me for inspiration and renewal, and I would happily take him into my body so that he could purge himself of his frustrations. He would fuck me deeply with his long, slender cock in as many positions as two human bodies can manage, and whenever I felt the surge of his hot cum flooding my insides, I knew that we had both achieved another beginning. Jason was as skillful with his penis as he was with his pen, and his need to fuck was as pressing as his need to write. Each of his passions fed the other, and I was always the beneficiary.

Now, in the bright morning sunlight, I looked at the man who was lying next to me in the iron-posted bed on the open porch, and I felt strangely nostalgic. Paul Bondy was almost as still as the air around us, only the gentle, regular rise and fall of his chest distinguished him from the inanimate objects in the room. So different he was now from the wildly aroused man who had ravaged my ass so furiously, and yet so compassionately, only hours before. The sunlight played through the honey-blond hair covering his hard pectorals. Coarse light-brown stubble masked his face. His stomach was hairless and ridged with muscles, his rigid cock flat against it and extending above the navel. The base was completely concealed by the dense bush of pubic hair that thinned slightly as it spread over his ballsac and continued down over powerful thighs.

Impulsively, I reached down and inserted two fingers into my asshole. I could still feel the burning heat of that magnificent cock radiating inside me. I yearned for him to awaken and take me again.

Paul Bondy had come mysteriously out of the storm. Late yesterday afternoon, as I was starting to prepare a light meal of sausages and eggs, the black clouds had rolled in, pushing aside the blue sky and reducing the sun to a pale, white disk. Even that small vestige was obliterated as the clouds thickened, and a sudden rush of wind drove a wall of rain against my granite cliff. The crash of thunder tore at my eardrums, and daggers of lightning stabbed my eyes as I stared spellbound from the porch. Only the flimsy screening separated me from the fury of nature, but I did not retreat from the porch. Maybe it was because it was in just this kind of storm that Jason had vanished.

We had been in our hideaway for only a couple of weeks. There was still a late spring chill in the air and it served to keep Jason's intellect sharp and alert. His third novel was beginning to shape up, and to keep his nervous tension from overwhelming him, he was fucking me an average of four times a day. God, how I loved those sessions. No matter what the temperature, we always fucked in the open air. He would stay inside me until his balls were completely drained, and then he would place his mouth over my dickhead and relieve my own straining burden. He used to joke that he could taste some of his own cum bubbling up through my rod.

On that fateful day a year ago he had just withdrawn his sagging weapon from me when we heard a commotion down on the jetty where our boat was tied. It was coming from the man who operated the provisioning store for hunters and fishermen two miles across the water on the mainland. His was the closest telephone, and he had come over to tell us that Jason had received an urgent telephone call early that morning. The store operator had explained that Jason was not immediately available but that a message could be gotten to him by boat if it was urgent. The caller had said that it was extremely urgent that he speak to Jason directly and that he would call back at six o'clock that evening. He had asked the storekeeper to make sure that Jason was on hand to receive the call.

All that afternoon Jason had difficulty concentrating on his work, so curious was he as to what the urgent phone call was all about. Only a handful of our friends had the store's number, and Jason made it very plain that he did not wish to be disturbed unless it was a real emergency. We tried to pass the time by losing ourselves in each other. I could tell by the intensity with which Jason fucked me that he was very anxious. He came inside me four times without once pulling out or losing his hardness, and afterwards I wondered if he had had some premonition of impending disaster. Even for as lustful a fucker as Jason, it had been an amazing performance.

He had planned to leave around five o'clock in the afternoon, but as the skies darkened and the waters began to roll, he decided to set out earlier. Already the rain was falling heavily and flashes of lightning were dancing across the horizon.

I pleaded with him not to go at all, but to no avail. He insisted that he'd be safe, reminding me that he had known the lake

Jason was as skillful with his penis as he was with his pen, and his need to fuck was as pressing as his need to write. Each of his passions fed the other and I was always the beneficiary.

since he was a child and insisting that I trust his judgment. I scrambled down the wet rocks with him and made one last attempt to dissuade him as we stood together on the jetty, rain beating down on us. With his usual bravado, he told me to keep my buns warm for him—he was sure he'd be needing them when he returned.

I watched him disappear into the stormy mists, my arm raised in salute, and then wearily climbed up the slippery rocks to wait.

I didn't see Jason again. The search continued for almost a week, but no trace of him was ever found. All that was discovered were a few broken boards that the police assumed were from his smashed boat. I didn't even go to the station to see them. It was simply too horrible.

Within half an hour after Jason's departure, the storm had taken an ugly turn. The winds had shifted sharply, and the waters of the lake had risen with a fury, battering our rocky island with unrelenting rage. I had stood on the open porch—our porch, our haven, the cradle of our love—with tears running down my face, only to be washed away by the driving rain. Once I thought I heard his voice calling out to me, but it was one of those cruel illusions that torment the desperate and the hopeless.

I stood there all night, waiting, praying.

That had been just over a year ago, and then late yesterday afternoon I had been standing in exactly the same place witnessing the same kind of natural upheaval that had claimed my lover.

It was eerie. The noise was deafening. The crashes of thunder threatened to split the rock itself, and the flashes of blinding light left red splotches before my eyes. The world was in convulsion, and it was only with great difficulty that I stood my ground.

When the fury of the tempest began to diminish slightly, I thought I heard the shout of a human voice somewhere below. I shook my head to clear it, determined not to let my imagination get the best of me. But it came again, this time more clearly—an urgent, demanding cry, a plea for help.

I peered downwards. I could see nothing through the blowing rain. Then I heard the cry again. There was definitely someone down there, impossible though it seemed. The sound had come from the direction of the jetty.

I stripped off my sodden shirt and pants to give myself more freedom of movement, and began the difficult descent. Under the best of conditions the steep pathway down to the water's edge was treacherous. I had to fight for footholds in the slippery rock. Once, my balls were almost crushed by a jut of granite protruding from a boulder that I slid over bare-assed.

I could see more clearly now, and there definitely was a figure of a man standing at the foot of the jetty and reaching up with both arms towards me. A minute later I was by his side. I put my arm around his waist, and his body slumped heavily against my own with relief. In one of those rare bursts of strength that come in times of crisis, I half-dragged, half-carried the stranger up the cliffside. I eased him onto the bed on the porch and tore off his soaked clothing. Our bodies bore numerous cuts and scrapes from the rough terrain, but they had been washed clean by the rain. I looked into his ruggedly handsome face, and his eyes smiled his gratitude.

His freed cock had surged up to full erection, and water trickled from the dense mass of hair that encircled it. Without a moment's hesitation, I plunged my mouth over his rod and sucked it deeply into my throat. A single shudder wracked his body, and within seconds I felt the warm flow of his lava pouring into my stomach. I kept my face impaled on his cock until it softened and the convulsions of his body ceased.

I let him sleep while I went to the tiny kitchen to finish preparing the meal that I had begun before I went to watch the storm. I added another dozen sausages to the skillet and threw in several more eggs. Our bodies would need a lot of nourishment.

When I returned to the porch with the food and two steaming mugs of coffee, the man from nowhere had awakened. I asked him his name as I set the tray down on the small table.

"Paul. Paul Bondy."

"I'm Gus. Where do you come from, Paul?"

He evaded the question. "I don't know these parts. I got lost in the storm and the waves smashed me against the cliff. I thought I was done for."

"You're lucky you struck here. There are no other inhabitants on the lake." I watched him wolf down his food. "You're obviously hungry."

"Yeah. In more ways than one." He looked up at me intently, and I tried to interpret the look in his eyes. "You give a great blow-job."

I laughed for the first time in a year. "I guess I was a bit hungry, too!"

We finished our meal in silence, and I carried the dishes to the sink.

When I came back he was sitting on the edge of the bed, staring out over the lake. His cock was at full mast. His resemblance to Jason struck me, and unnerved me slightly.

The storm had rolled around in a wide arc to the north and was now coming back our way. I stepped over to Paul and put a hand on his broad shoulder. My fingers pressed into the solid flesh. In a single gesture he yanked my jock down to my ankles and enclosed my rigid rod in his hands.

We stayed that way for a long time, watching the storm sweep back in. It raged all around us, tearing at the walls of the cabin, hurling its thunderbolts, streaking the sky.

There was something wonderfully sensual about being at the center of such violence. My body began to tremble with excitement and anticipation, the hairs on my legs and arms bristled, my skin tingled. I could see in Paul's eyes that his need for heavy sex was as great as my own. As I stood before him with my hips thrust forward, his hands released their tight grip on my swollen cockshaft, and I felt his hot, wet mouth engulf me completely.

Frantic with pent-up lust, I smashed my pubic bush against his face with devastating force. I was exalted by the sensation of his teeth biting into the root of my hugely engorged member, and I tried to force my bulging balls into his mouth as well. The flimsy screening on the porch was useless against the wind-whipped rain, which slapped at my hairy ass crack and ran down my thighs. I could feel the pressure mounting rapidly in my balls; I opened my legs to give them more room.

Paul fell back across the bed, pulling me with him, his mouth still tightly clamped over my cock. He kept pounding his face into my bush, his fingernails digging into the flesh of my ass cheeks. My cock had never experienced such powerful suction, and my nuts were being pulled up into the base by the force. Both barrels were loaded and ready to fire!

Paul gagged as I unleashed my first shot, but he continued to suck frantically as I pushed even deeper into his throat. I was determined to keep his head pinned to the drenched mattress with my shaft of

THE MAN FROM NOWHERE

manmeat until my cock was eaten raw, and the more his teeth gnashed against my rod, the harder I fucked his face.

Suddenly his jaw fell slack and a stream of cum ran from one side of his gaping mouth. I could see the muscles of his throat sag with exhaustion as he gulped air into his lungs. With my cum still dribbling from his mouth he managed to gasp, "You sure as hell know how to unload your balls, man! You sure as hell are a fabulous face fucker!"

"I hope you're as good an ass fucker," I said.

A crack of thunder split our eardrums. The blinding flash that had come seconds before had already caused us to close our eyes. The storm had intensified, and for a moment we both lay pinned to the bed, stunned. Sheets of rain beat against us. I felt as though my body were being washed away on the crest of a wave. I tossed about on my back and thrashed my arms. I felt some unseen force lifting my legs skyward, as if I had been caught by a gigantic crane. Suddenly it was as if a fork of lightning had struck my asshole and burned inside me. I lay still, allowing my body to absorb the enormous jolt, and then cautiously opened my eyes. Paul was poised above me, about to ram his powerful fuckmeat into me for the second time.

"You said you wanted your ass fucked, man! You said you wanted your ass fucked!" His voice was a shrill scream.

"Cram all of your manmeat into me!" I screamed above the din of the storm. "Drive your goddamn poker up into my furnace!"

Deep inside me I could feel the burning. I realized how starved I was for the kind of deep fucking that Jason used to give me. I pushed the outer ring of my asshole further into the dense hair that surrounded the base of his cock, trying to get more of him inside me.

Over and over he rammed his pile driver into me, increasing his force with every clap of thunder. His eyes reflected the flashes of lightning, and the rhythm of his fucking was in pace with the storm. I prayed that it would never end. "Give me all the cock you can," I urged, looking up into his face and seeing only Jason.

My cock had remained hard even after delivering its load into Paul's gullet. He grabbed it with his left fist and pumped it furiously. "I'm gonna make you come again," he shouted at me triumphantly, as he slammed his hips against my bruised buns and started pouring a steady flow of lava into my guts. My ass squeezed tight around him and my own shaft spewed cockjuice like a geyser.

As he lay there beside me in the quiet heat of the morning, the only evidence of the wild sexual passion of just a few hours ago was the long rod lying hard against his abdomen. It made me think of Jason because I rarely saw his cock when it was not stiff. He had been the horniest man I had ever known, but it seemed that Paul Bondy was a pea from the same pod.

Paul's legs were apart, and I was enjoying the sight of the sun's rays playing through the golden hairs that covered his round, firm ballsac. His cock twitched slightly, and I wondered what dreams were arousing his desire. I hoped he was dreaming of me.

I remembered how sweet his cock had tasted, and I slid down to caress its head with the tip of my tongue. I was immediately rewarded with a glistening jewel that seeped from the cockhead just for my pleasure. I licked it away and it was instantly replaced by another. The nectar of the gods, I thought, as my tongue sought further pleasures. The twitching of the shaft grew brisker, and the clearly outlined sperm tube that ran from his balls to his piss slit expanded.

He stirred. He shifted his shoulders but stayed on his back.

I continued to watch his cock. It became irresistible.

I squatted over him, spread my hole open with my fingers, and lowered myself over his engorged flesh.

He opened his eyes and smiled his gratitude.

There are some things in life that we don't always understand clearly, but we learn not to question.

"When I was a teenager," Paul told me over breakfast later that morning, "my adopted parents told me that I had a twin brother somewhere. We had become separated at a very young age when our parents died, and I have been trying to find him for the past several years. I came very close to contacting him by phone about a year or so ago, after tracing him to this lake, but a storm had knocked the telephone lines out, and my call didn't ever get through. I came up here this summer hoping I would be able to locate him, but I hear from the storekeeper on the mainland that he hasn't been seen around here for more than a year."

"That's right," I said, feeling numb inside. "He hasn't been seen in these parts for more than a year."

We finished our meal in silence.

* * *

Several days later, I was returning from the mainland with some supplies, and as I scaled the steep rock I thought I heard an old familiar sound. My heart took a joyful leap, but I was almost afraid to believe my own ears.

As I came up onto the porch I could see into the main room. Paul was sitting at Jason's typewriter, his fingers flying across the keys with amazing speed. I watched for a moment in stunned silence, not daring to disturb him, and then quietly went to the kitchen to put away the supplies. When I was finished, I slipped back out onto the porch. The sun was now high in the sky, flooding the whole area with warmth. I stripped and lay down on the bed. I drifted into sleep, the sound of the typewriter filling my ears with pleasure.

I awoke some time later to silence. I waited with my eyes still closed. Eventually I heard footsteps approaching the bed. I opened my eyes and saw Paul's beautiful long cock soaring hard and stiff from his golden pubic bush.

"Do you want to fuck me now?" I asked.

"Yes," he said simply. "Were you waiting for me?"

"Yes," I said, equally simply, "a long time."

"How did you know?"

"Instinct," I smiled. "Just instinct."

He kneeled on the bed and lifted my legs up over his shoulders. As I felt the hard, slick shaft penetrate my asshole and begin working its way deep into my guts, my own cock erupted spontaneously. I was happy again. ■

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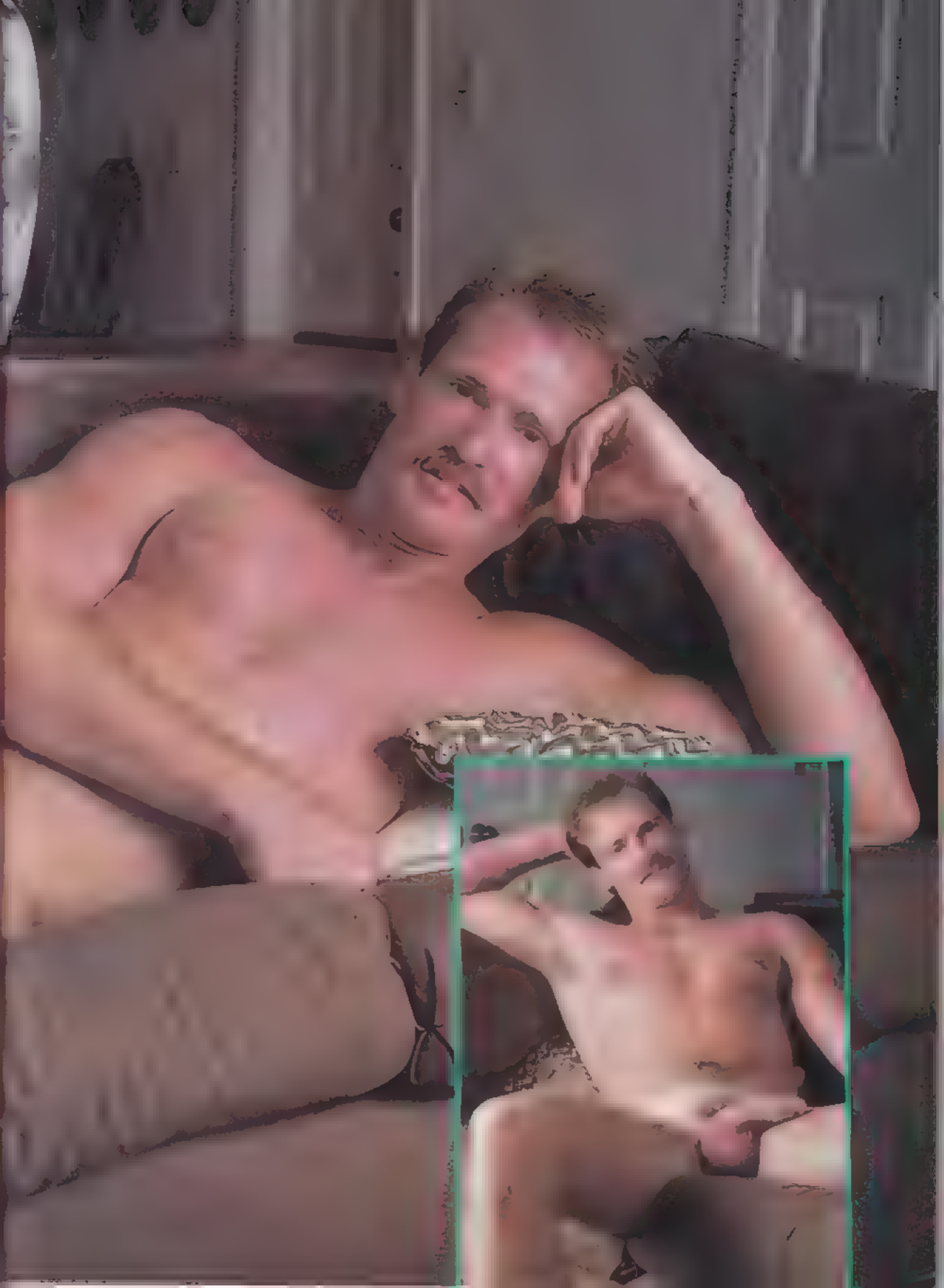

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He'l make you tingle
in p aces that have
never been t ngled
before

THINKING
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Explore every inch of this monumental man. His passion will put you over the top

I am a firm believer in watching a guy suck before I take him to the mat. Listen to him hum and gurgle and gag. See those muscles just beneath the cheek bones start to bulge. See the nose start to run and the eyes water. See the lips swell into a fat, red ring. A big piece of meat puts some hot distortions on a pretty face. Love them eager eaters.

GOOSE HIM LOOSE

BY DON PERRY • PHOTO BY CITYBOY

He sank to the floor, my scud oozing from the snug pout of his pucker. When he rolled over, his ass lips popped from the cool tiles like a wet plunger. He crawled away groaning, his pants bunched around one ankle, his shirt hanging out of his mouth.

I turned and left the building, zipping up. I was satiated. For the moment. I had to laugh, though. The librarian had been a real pussy. Fought me like a wild man at first, but without muttering a single sound. Until I got it in—then he squalled like a banshee. I really knocked him hard, and he climbed right up the fucking bookcases. But when my battering ram snagged his asshole, he just fell back on it, driving us both to the floor. Then he started riding me like the bats of hell were after us.

Uptight asshole. Had to wait for Jean-Claude to show him what he had wanted all along but was too prudish to even dream about. He wasn't the only one.

It began years ago when I was a hustling young lumberjack. I worked for a company up north. Way up north. We hauled virgin wood. And I hauled plenty of virgin ass.

I spent months in the lumber camps miles away from any civilization. The work was hard, but the pay was unbelievable. Life wasn't so bad. We ate great feasts cooked by old men who had probably run chuck wagons in their youth. We had enough booze to party nightly. And I found a willing asshole in every bunkhouse. I think the company planned it that way. To keep the boys happy. A woman was just an extra mouth to feed. Me, I fed all the mouths I got hold of.

I am a firm believer in watching a guy suck before I take him to the mat. Listen to him hum and gurgle and gag. See those muscles just beneath the cheek bones start to bulge. See the nose start to run and the eyes water. See the lips swell into a fat, red ring. A big piece of meat puts some hot distortions on a pretty face. Love them eager eaters.

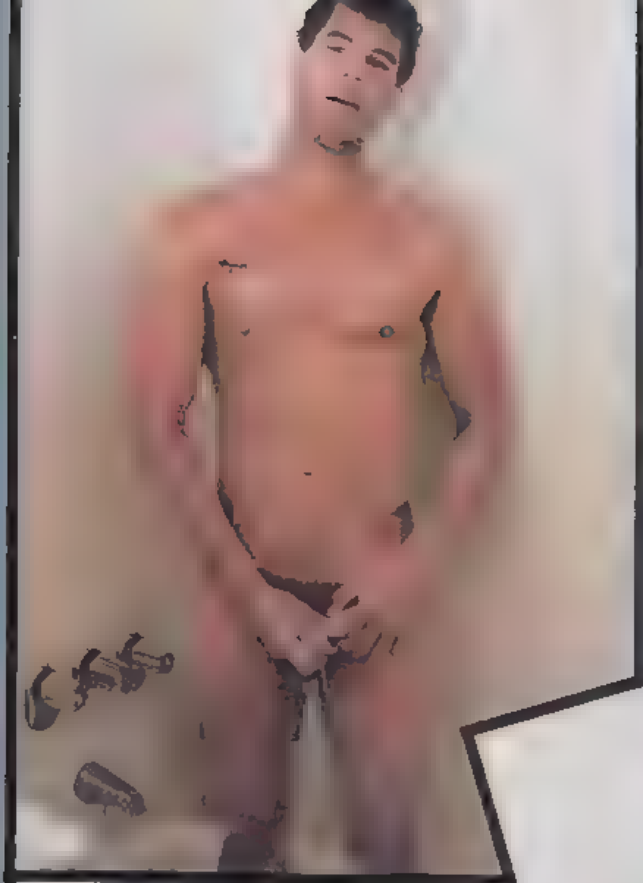
I used to take the pussy boys out behind the woodshed, weather permitting. There's something about the great outdoors that brings out the animal in an asshole. And I liked them with spirit. Liked to see how far they'd crawl before they dropped in their tracks and took it like a man.

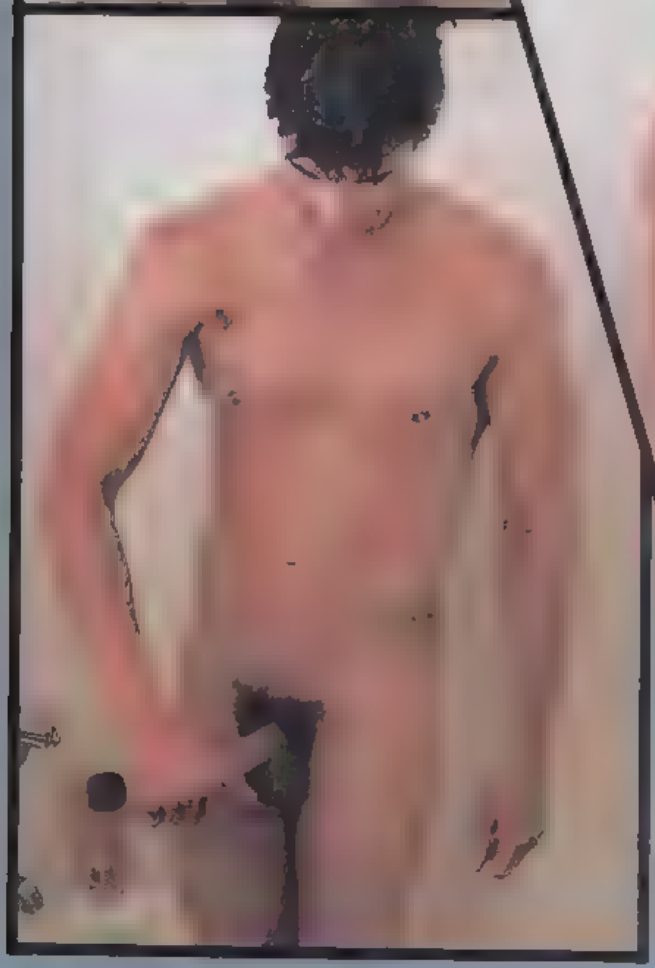
I remember one guy. Stared at me constantly. Especially when I had my shirt off driving a wedge into a tree. He'd stop working, his eyes bulging, his tongue hanging out, looking at my big, hairy pecs flexing and my massive arms thick with cords of sinew. Real brawn, hard as a rock. Broad, hairy shoulders. A waist you could get two hands around. A humpy torso shaped like the wedge I was driving.

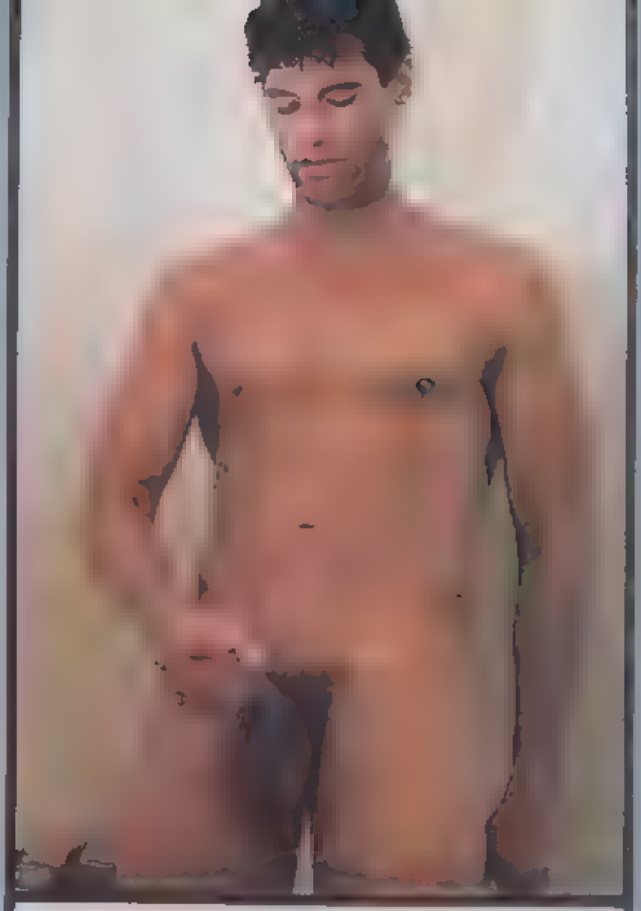
I'd let the kid drink me in, eat me with his bug-eyes, until he'd start panting like a dog and drop his axe. Then we'd stop for lunch. Find a quiet, isolated spot, a clearing carpeted with pine needles where he'd have lots of room to run. I'd help him out of his clothes. He'd be so hot by then even his fingers were twitching.

Continued to page 76

ONE HANDER

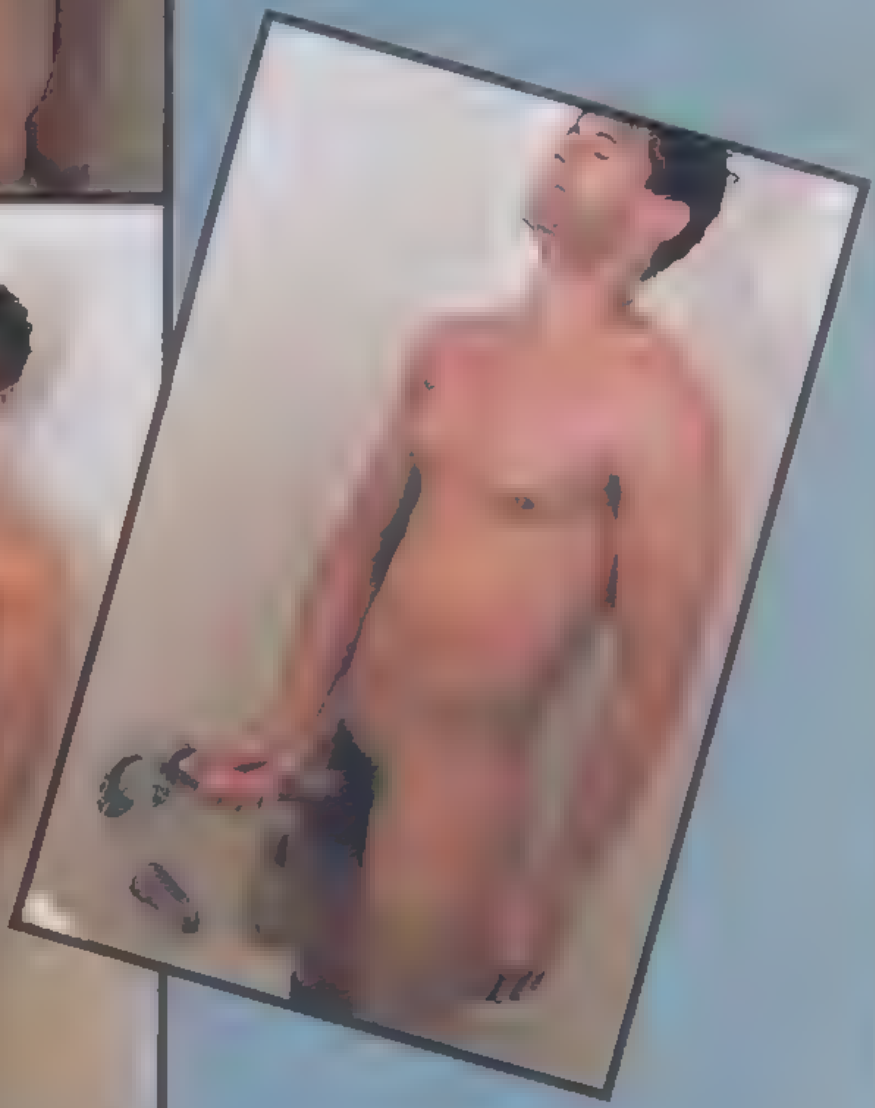


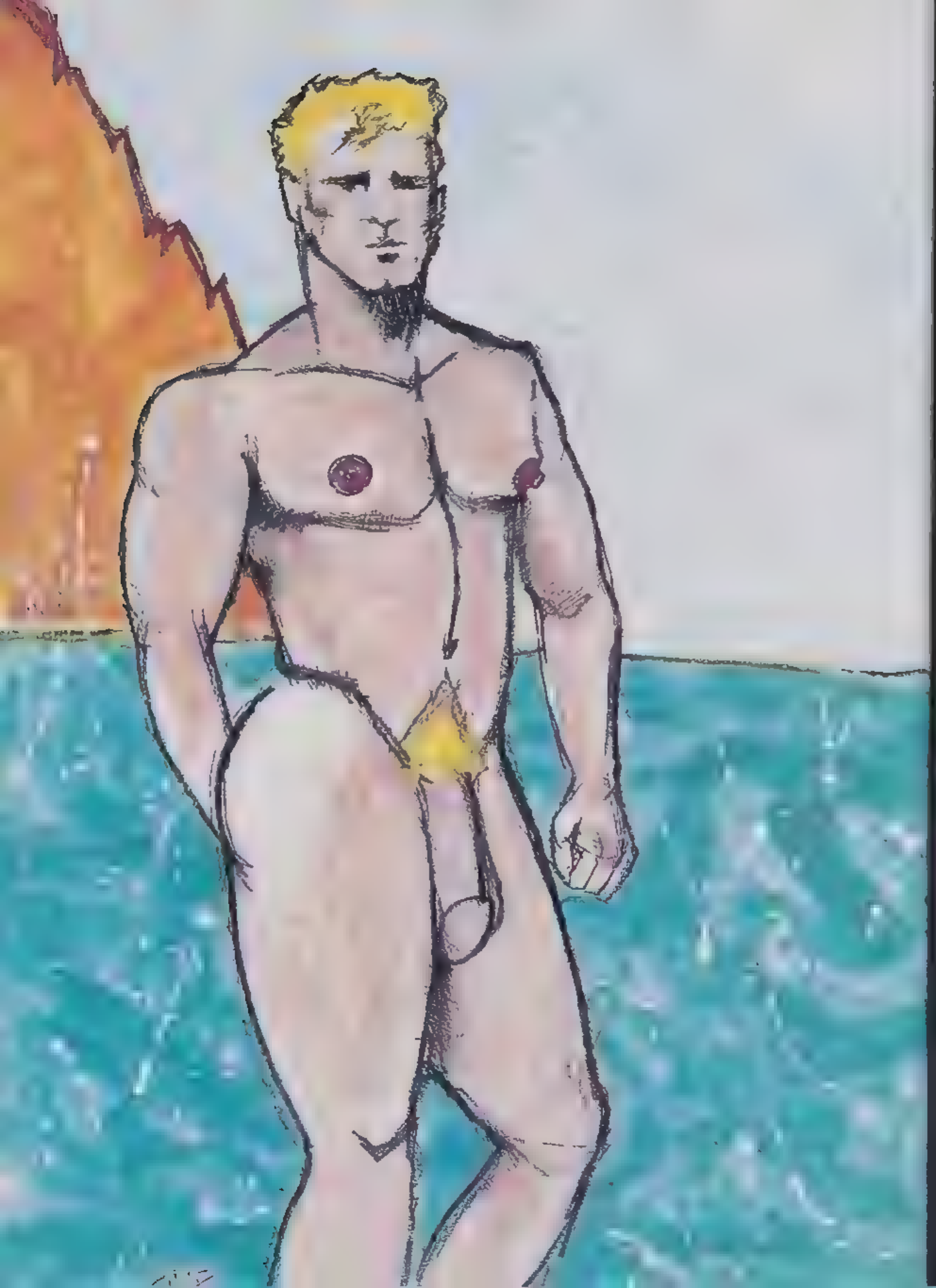




ONE HANDER

But this glad-hander would rather work his cock. Better yet, why don't you work it for him?





"I wanna see you swallow my donkey dick," Kier droned. I braced my lips against the bulbous head. "Ahhh," he growled. "Slurp it, baby. Slurp that cock! Cream it for me! Churn the cream out of my big dick."

COCKTRAPPED

BY P. SISOM • ART BY EBNETH

When I arrived in Agde, a small coastal village in the south of France, the scorching noonday sun was bearing down mercilessly. I shielded my eyes and looked out over the blue Mediterranean, the white, sandy beaches, the wooden pier—all deserted, except for a lone fisherman.

He was wearing knee-shorts and a white sea cap. He sat on the edge of the pier, his shoulder against a support beam, his large hands steady on a silver fishing pole, his long legs and high-arched feet swinging to and fro above the clear sea waters. His back was to me, and he was so far away I couldn't tell much about him except that he looked huge and had a wonderful tan.

The magnificent seascape, hunger, and a desperate need for a place to sleep (I'd been hitching for two days) got me down the steep steps that led from my cliffside perch to sea level. After my descent, I paused to rest beneath a manmade shelter. I took my high-powered binoculars from my shoulder bag and aimed them down at the pier, a good hundred yards away.

Suddenly the fisherman wedged the fishing rod between the planks, leaped to his feet and crossed to the other side of the pier, where another pole was quivering from the tension of a catch. The fisherman slapped his strong hands around the pole and strained to reel in the taut line. Several times the huge fish shot out of the water and then disappeared again. Magnificent! The fisherman, I mean. Who cares about the fish!

Glancing at objects and the pier posts beside him, I tried to gauge the height, width, and breadth of this magnificent male specimen. I finally concluded that he was a giant—not of the fairy tale variety but a real, human giant more than seven feet tall. His smooth, healthful, glowing skin encased the solid musculature of a deep-sea fisherman. His thick, shapely buttocks and thighs, his narrow waist and flat stomach, his broad hairless chest and oversized nipples standing out like succulent strawberries—everything was in perfect proportion, and the proportions were monumental.

The battle between man and fish had been decided in favor of the giant. As he slipped a netted sack over his catch and hoisted it onto the pier, I raised my binoculars up to his thick neck, his long throat, his full, moist lips. He was searching the coastline for something, one hand shielding his piercing topaz eyes from the sun. I was so fascinated that I didn't realize he had fixed his gaze on me until he winked into the binoculars.

I quickly looked away and dropped the binoculars to my chest. Then after waiting for a moment, I looked down to the pier with unaided eyes. I was hoping to see him make a gesture, a wave of the arm, anything. But he only stood there, motionless, one hand still shielding his eyes, the other propped in the niche of his waist, like a Viking accepting a new challenge.

Embarrassed, I turned away and sat on a bench to put the binoculars away. Momentarily I heard a deep, resonant voice close behind me. It was him.

"Hi, my name's Eric," he said, his voice friendly. "Are you American?"

"Yeah. I'm on vacation," I answered, unable to avoid a quick glance at his crotch. "My name's Steve."

"Pleasure to meet you, Steve," he smiled sensually.

"You speak English very well. Where are you from?"

"Finland. My dad travels a lot on business. He usually takes the family, so we're all multi-lingual."

"Is this one of your father's business trips?"

"No. My brother and I are here on vacation," he said, his eyes coaxing my attention to his crotch. "We come here every summer to fish, and to get our tans. Our family has a villa."

Curiosity and the strain on my neck from having to look up at him were becoming too much for me. I lowered my head until my eye level with the bulge of his crotch

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"Sweet asshole," Eric whispered. "You want my big dick down that warm pussy, don't you, baby?" "You love my big dick, don't you, cocksucker?" Kier crooned. "Yeah, take all that meat."

"So, what's there to do here?" I asked absently.

"Fish, sun, relax—whatever you like to do." His smile broadened to reveal perfect white teeth. He pointed behind me, beyond the ridge of trees and rocks, to the top of the high cliff. "That's where the house is, and beyond it is the cabin where my brother and I are staying. You plan to be around for a while?"

"If I can find a place to stay. Maybe you could recommend a hotel."

"There are no hotels here, but you're welcome to stay with us. We've plenty of room, so I don't think we'd get in each other's way."

The bulge of his crotch had slowly edged up to what looked like 10 inches of flesh. 'Shall we head for the cabin?" he asked, pointing to a dusty jeep. "I'll only be a minute. I have to fetch my fishing poles and my catch."

After we had pulled off the main road, and were heading through a forested area above the sea, I traced the outline of Eric's sex with my eyes. Eric eyed me coolly in the jeep mirror. His glances were confident, and infectiously relaxed. He pressed back into the seat, spreading open his hunky thighs, and, lifting my hand in his, placed it on his firm meat. A wave of exhilaration shook my body as he flexed his massive dick.

"Whew!" I crooned. "That's what I'd call a whopper—almost as big as that fish you caught." My tongue darted between wetted lips, my customary reserve all but forgotten.

"You're gonna love suckin' on it—my dick, I mean, not the fish."

I extended my long, wide tongue and pursed my lips, letting Eric know that swallowing huge dicks was my specialty. "I want it now," I begged, dropping my face to his crotch.

Eric stopped me and raised me up in my seat. "We've plenty of time. Besides, I've got a surprise for you."

A moment later, we arrived at a two-level, chalet-type cabin, with windows facing the sea. I was about to open my door when Eric quickly gestured me to wait.

"My brother has the only key to the garage," he explained. "He'll be down in a minute."

Eric's brother bounded out of the cabin and waved nonchalantly as he passed in front of the jeep. Eric returned the wave, then smiled when he caught my reaction.

"He's the surprise I told you about. I hope you don't have anything against twins."

In stupified silence, I watched Eric's identical twin wrestle with the lock, then slip to one side as the motor-driven door eased open.

When we had parked and left the garage, Eric slung an arm over his brother's broad shoulders.

"Kier, this is Steve. He's gonna be our house guest for a while."

"I hope you like Led Zeppelin," Kier said, slapping the lock back on the garage door, "'cause that's all we listen to around here."

Music was the furthest thing from my mind, but I assured him that we shared the same taste in rock and, I hoped, in other pleasures as well.

Meeting Kier doubled my sexual excitement, but sun, hunger, and drowsiness had me craving food and sleep.

Eric cleaned and gutted the large fish. I marveled as Kier donned a kitchen apron and began preparing the afternoon meal. Fresh, steamed vegetables, a large salad of cucumbers, tomatoes, and crisp onions, and thick, creamy yogurt with luscious peaches and berries complemented the savory delicacy of the deep-fried sea bass. When our feast ended, Eric showed me to his room, where I slept dreamlessly until after midnight.

When I woke up, I turned limply to one side and bumped against Eric's powerful torso. Kier, too, was in the bed, both of them fast asleep, completely nude. They were identical, all right, except for two things: Kier's thick gland was the hugest of the huge, and his nipples were a flaming red.

I swallowed, not believing my eyes, as I traced the long, thick shaft stretched over Kier's tight belly. Thirteen inches, I calculated—easily. I brushed my warm, dry hand lightly over its smooth surface, then took the full weight of Kier's soft, warm meat into my fist. The tips of my thumb and finger did not meet. My hips trembled as drops of saliva trickled from my mouth and dribbled over that twitching column of cut meat.

"I wanna see you swallow my donkey dick," Kier droned, his cock suddenly stretching, reaching up over my neck and pulsing against my ears.

I dipped my head and braced my lips against the bulbous head. My long tongue clenched the shaft, wrapped around it, and started stroking up and down.

"Ah-h-h," he growled. "Slurp it, baby. Slurp that cock! Cream it for me! Churn that cream outta my big dick."

Eric was awake now, too. I felt his warm hand reaching between my thighs, pulling my engorged penis back and into his mouth, his throat engulfing all ten inches. Without turning to see, I reached behind myself and groped for his cock until I held it firmly in hand, never once missing a beat in the rhythmic feast I was making of Kier's throbbing organ. I slid my tongue over the pencil-sized opening, and then swallowed eight, nine, ten inches of his savory meat.

"Sweet asshole," Eric whispered, gently plunging his thick fingers in and out of my

crack. Then I heard the sound of smacking lips as he sucked on the tip of his funky finger. "Sweet asshole. You want my big dick down that warm pussy, don't you, baby?"

"You love my big dick, don't you, cocksucker?" Kier crooned. "Yeah, take all that meat."

Eric's tree trunk swung heavily between my thighs as he positioned himself on the bed. He was leaning over me, his sweaty chest rubbing against my back. I felt the warmth of his tongue inside my ear, licking hungrily between the folds. My asshole, puckering open in invitation, slid anxiously down the surface of his dick shaft.

"I'm gonna fuck you good," he moaned, "so good."

Suddenly, Eric got up and stood away from the bed. "Want some of this in your asshole? Come and get it."

I stepped heavily from the bed and fell to my knees, and Eric slid his long dick down my throat. Kier had moved quickly behind me and flopped his cylindrical meat over my sweaty shoulder, its wide, thick head teasing my hardened nipple.

"Feed on it, baby," Kier urged. Nurse all over my brother's slab of beef. Good. Good. Oh, yeah. Now I want to see those pussy lips all over *my* balls and *my* dick. I'm gonna feed you, let you suck out all my sweet milk."

I pulled off of Eric and turned around and ran my tongue over Kier's dick, gurgling as I sniffed, slurped, and sucked.

"Yeah, suck my funky dick."

"You love my brother's big, juicy dick, huh, baby?" said Eric.

"Uh-huh," I groaned. I was crazy with lust, my hot breath bouncing off Kier's dick and back into my face. "I love it deep in my throat."

"How about another one up your tight asshole," Eric teased, letting his dick slide down my back as he kneeled on the floor behind me.

"Ooo, this is hot," Kier gasped. "Don't fuck him, Eric. I don't want to come yet."

"Kier doesn't want me to fuck you now," Eric teased.

"Please," I begged, "just slip in the head—please, let me have that dick up my ass."

The heated body oil being smeared over the wrinkled lips of my asshole heightened the pleasure I received from the deep thrusts of Kiers' joystick in my mouth. Eric skewered my asshole with his thick finger and wet my swollen balls with his warm tongue. I pushed back toward him with quick, grinding movements.

"Oh, baby," I moaned. "Fuck me! Fuck me good. I leaned forward and pressed my knees against the floor, my hole flaring open, pleading for dick. "Please, Eric," I begged. "Please give me that dick!"

"Pussy wants your dick," Kier groaned, slipping out of my throat, his swollen meat dripping with saliva.

Eric slid his strong arms around my waist as Kier raised his cock and swung his huge, hairless balls down in front of me.

"Lick 'em, pussy lips," Kier ordered. "Lick my balls."

As I started licking the sticky globes in front of me, I felt the throb of Eric's rigid probe at my rear, its bloated head poking against my ass lips. He eased in slowly. A deep, gutteral sound seemed to rumble from the depths of his groin, travel through me, and up to the base of Kier's python-like organ, which continued to plunge in and out of me.

Suddenly Eric—only halfway in my ass—froze, his eyes wide. I gripped his dick with the warm tissues of my sphincter and swallowed more of his 10-inch dick. He gasped as I loosened and then gripped him again, rocking gently back and forth, each time taking him deeper and deeper.

Kier trembled uncontrollably as I ground the inner muscles of my throat against *his* dick, massaging and milking him, teasing him with undulations that pulled his dick deeper into my gullet.

"Good pussy," he grunted. "Good, good pussy lips!"

Eric had regained control of my hind quarters. He cursed breathily as he drove his monster meat in and out of my hole. "Ooo," he whispered, grinding hard against my ass. "You make me feel so good, you hot-ass cocktrap!"

I groaned with pleasure as both my orifices were pumped wildly, the magnificent twins competing like a couple of stallions on a racecourse. Then I felt them tighten simultaneously. Eric was the first to shoot. Buckets of creamy cum spurted deep inside of me.

"Ah-h-h!" he gasped, as he bumped spasmodically against my buttocks.

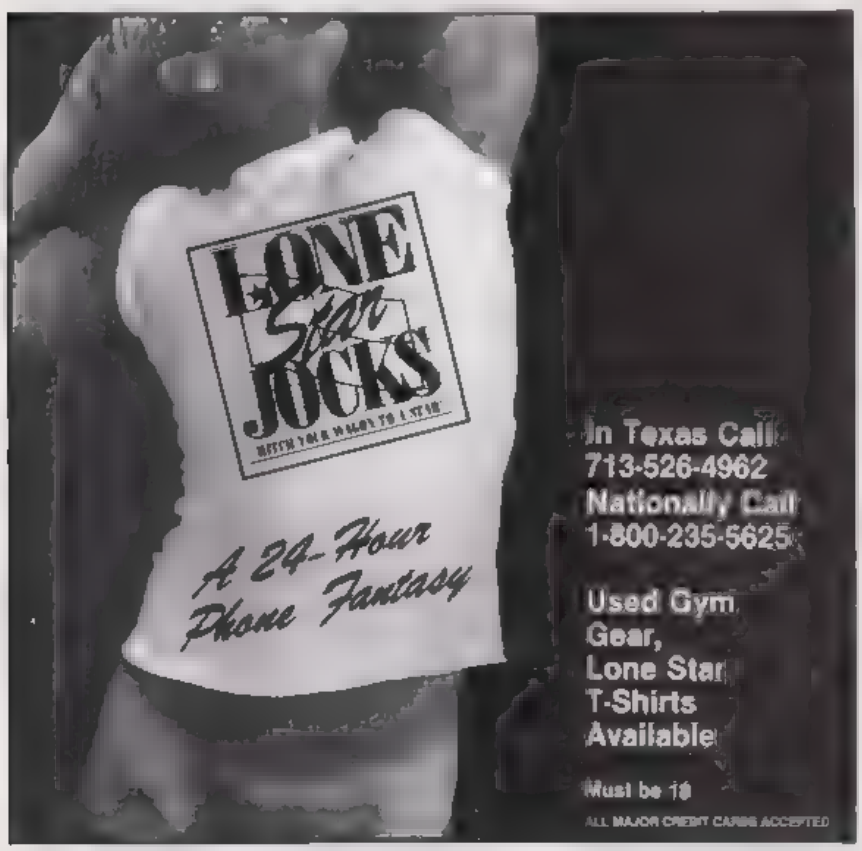
Kier's calmer eruption seemed to last forever. His rigid dick swelled, opening my throat wider. I coaxed the salty juice out of him, lapping it down with my tongue.

"It's all yours," he crooned, running his sweaty hands through my hair. "All yours, pussy lips."

Eric had pulled out of my ass and rested his head on my quivering buttocks. His long, dry tongue licked around the rim of my hole. "Never gonna let you go," Eric hummed, kissing the puckered folds.

When we were all done, Eric lifted me and threw me back onto the bed, dead-center. Kier lay down at my left, his head at my feet, his heavy penis flung across my throat. Eric climbed into bed and dragged his dick lazily over the sheets at my right until he was close enough to lay his exhausted cock across my belly.

I slept soundly that morning, and for the next 30 mornings of my visit in Agde. ■



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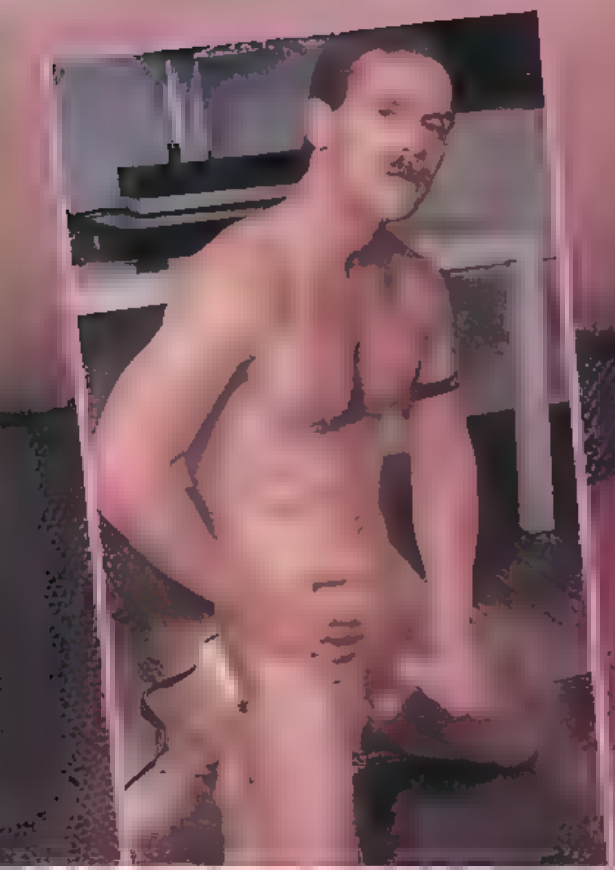

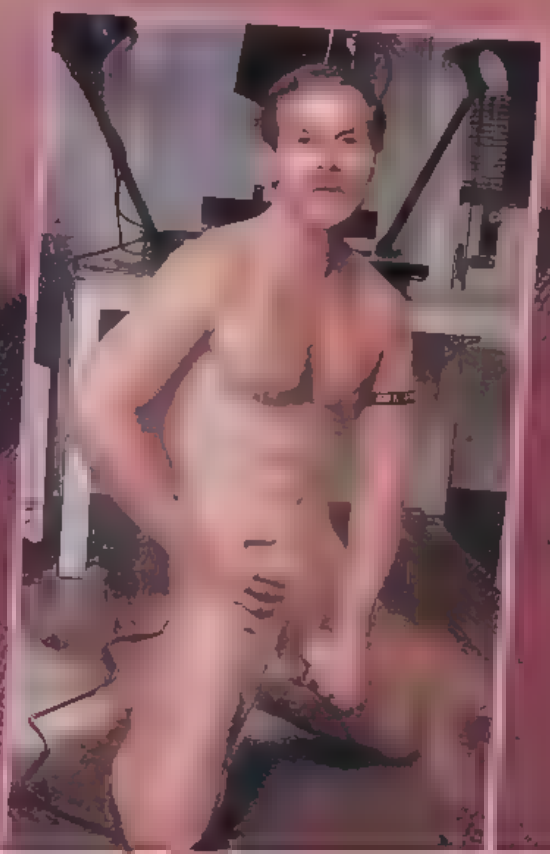

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"HEY, BIG GUY"

Continued from page 9

ny. I didn't exactly know what it was I wanted, but I sure knew I liked gettin' naked with other guys. Mario really showed me the ropes." Allie chuckled at the memory.

"So Mario is gay, too?"

"He grew out of it, so I guess not. He's married and got kids and stuff—and he's happy with that."

"Does your whole family know about you?"

"Yeah. It was pretty wild when I came out. I mean, my old man started beatin' the shit out of me, and my old lady started cryin' and screamin' about how I was gonna rot in hell—that kind of shit. But Guido got me out of it."

"Your brother Guido?"

Allie stretched back in his chair, affording Gregg a glimpse of his hairy, muscled stomach. "Yeah, Guido came in from his room, made the old man quit punching me, and told the old lady to shut her yap." His hooded brown eyes glimmered in amusement. "I don't know—if it hadn't been for Guido, the old man might've killed me. But Guido was able to straighten them out. Ma still gets after me once in a while about havin' some kids. She keeps sayin' how pretty they'd be. It's kind of a runnin' joke, you know?"

"She's right," Gregg blurted out. "I mean, you're a real good-looking man, Allie." He felt himself blushing as the big Italian leaned across the table.

"Listen, Gregg, whadda ya say we go back to my place and have a cognac or somethin'? I'd really like to get out of here and go some place more private."

Outside the restaurant, Allie hailed a cab and gave the driver an address in a heavily Italian section of town. "I live right around the corner from my whole family," he confided to Gregg. "Sometimes it's a pain in the ass, but mostly I love it."

As the cab sped on its way, Allie picked up Gregg's left hand and began stroking it lightly. "Jeeze, ya got soft hands, big guy. Wish my mitts were a little smoother."

Allie's touch sent little shudders of delight up and down Gregg's arm. "Well, I have to keep them in good shape for my work," he half-apologized. "Sometimes it's kind of annoying, but—"

"Hey, don't apologize. I meant it as a compliment." Allie's smile seemed to light up the dark interior of the cab.

Gregg's pulse raced as Allie continued to stroke his hand. It was crazy. Allie certainly wasn't the best-looking guy he'd ever made it with—not by a long shot. But his broken nose and full mouth gave him real butch appeal, and his body was solid beef. Gregg had never felt so swept away by anyone. A trick was a trick—and that line of thought usually helped keep him in control of the situation. Somehow, he knew he'd never had control of this situation.

The cab came to a stop in front of an old brownstone. Allie paid the driver, waving away Gregg's proffered cash. "C'mon, guy, let's go." He stepped out of the cab and sauntered proudly up to the door of the building. He pushed it open and gestured for Gregg to follow him. As they entered, Gregg became aware of the sounds of other people's lives all around them. He knew the building had to be full of Italians, so strong was the garlic smell.

"Yeah, the garlic's pretty heavy, but you get used to it after a while." Allie smiled at him.

"Oh no, it smells great."

"Then how come you wrinkled up your little nose like that?"

"Well, I . . .uh. . " Gregg looked at him helplessly.

"It's okay, big guy," Allie chuckled sexily. "Ya gotta be born Italian to really like it."

As Allie led the way up the stairs, Gregg's mind returned to his fantasies of the coming evening. The guy had to be hung like a horse with the basket he was showing. Gregg bet himself that Allie could fuck all night once he got into it—and Gregg sure knew how to get him into it. He'd be helpless under that butch stud, and once he started twitching his butt cheeks, he knew that Allie—

"Here it is, big guy." They'd gotten to the top of the building without Gregg even being aware of the hike. "I got a floor-through up here, on account of my cousin Fabio owns the building." Allie inserted a long key in the lock and swung the door open.

Gregg was totally unprepared for the sight that greeted him. He had half expected Allie to live in some sort of utilitarian dump—clean but not exactly put together. All the interior walls of this apartment had been removed, making a kind of airy loft space, divided by an open kitchen. Skylights were placed randomly all through the space, and the night light that filtered through the translucent glass gave the place an almost museum-like quality. The Italian furniture, though spare, was clearly of high quality, all low-slung and comfortable-looking. Allie switched on a light and the space was aglow with indirect lighting. There was an intensely masculine quality about the place, very similar to its owner's.

"Not much, but it's home." Another chuckle.

"Allie, it's gorgeous. Really. I can't believe it. I mean. . " His voice trailed off as he searched for words.

"Nothin' like you thought I'd live in, huh? C'mon, sit down."

He gestured to a brown corduroy couch perpendicular to the brick wall that ran the length of the apartment. "I'll bring us a couple of drinks. Martel okay with you?"

"That'd be great." Gregg settled himself on the couch. It was extremely comfortable, like the apartment and like the man who was now bringing him a snifter of cognac. "Did you do all of this yourself, Allie?"

"Most of it." Allie smiled as he sat next to Gregg. "I got a lot of ideas from Casa Vogue, and I got another cousin in the furniture business."

"Sounds as if your relatives own half the city."

"Naw." Allie rested his snifter on the chrome coffee table in front of them. "It's just that Italians are real big on family. We take care of each other—know what I mean?"

"I can guess. My family isn't very close-knit. I barely know any of my cousins." Gregg sipped at the warmed cognac. "We kind of all do our own thing."

Allie regarded him thoughtfully for a moment. "So Gregg, you ever have a relationship with another guy?"

"Um. . what do you mean?" Jeez, this guy was blunt.

"I'm not trying to be nosy or anything. It's just that I've seen you around a lot and I never see you with the same guy twice." Allie leaned back and casually put his arm around Gregg's shoulders, making it impossible for Gregg to think, let alone reply. "Or aren't you the marryin' kind?"

"I don't know exactly." How was he supposed to answer that? Allie's arm was burning his shoulders, and Gregg caught whiffs of a clean soap smell coming from the man's hunky body. "I guess my schedule hasn't given me the time to cultivate a special relationship. Or maybe I've just never been able to find. . ."

"What you really want?" Allie took the snifter out of Gregg's hands and put it beside his own. His tone was half mocking, half serious when he asked, "Are you waiting for Prince Charming to come along and sweep you up in his arms?"

Gregg stared intently into Allie's eyes, unsure as to how to answer his question. "No, it's not that. I don't think I really believe in all that romantic stuff. I don't know anyone who does. I've never even thought about having a relationship with another man. Not seriously. I—"

Allie cupped Gregg's face in his burly hands and met Gregg's stare with his own. "Eyes like two pieces of a Florida sky." And then he leand forward and kissed Gregg on the lips.

Gregg's eyes closed involuntarily as the kiss lingered. What was this? What was happening? He felt loose and vulnerable, unable to do anything but lose himself in the moment. The kiss was sheer bliss, like none he'd ever experienced.

As suddenly as he'd begun it, Allie ended the contact and leaned back on the couch. He smiled, his brown eyes glim-

mering in the low light.

Gregg leaned into the dark man. "What did you stop for?"

"I found out what I wanted to know."

"And what was that?"

"What it would feel like to kiss you. What you would do." He chuckled sexily.

Gregg wanted more. He wanted Allie to take him in his arms and kiss him again and again. "That sounds like some kind of test or something. So tell me: Do I pass?"

Allie shook his head in amusement. "Hey, big guy, it wasn't really a test or anything. It's just that I've been wondering what it would be like to kiss you since I first saw ya in the bar. Ya look like ya need a lot of kissing—and a lot of loving." He picked up a snifter and quickly knocked back the contents. "C'mere, baby," he said, stretching out on the couch and pulling a cushion behind his head. "Let's see if we can't start taking care of what you been missin'."

For a brief second, Gregg felt the old arrogance rising in him. He hardly knew Allie, and yet here the guy was telling him what to do and what he needed. And what was all this stuff about relationships and love? They'd just met, after all.

"So whadda ya waiting for?" Allie sat up, put his arms around Gregg's shoulders, and pulled his body down onto his. "There," he whispered, "that's more like it."

He pulled Gregg's head down and their lips locked together. Gregg had become helpless, unable to resist the pull of Allie's desire. He felt his mouth open to greet Allie's tongue. His body began to relax, melting into the dark man's bulk. Allie's tongue began to explore Gregg's mouth; his hands raked up and down Gregg's taut back, massaging, pulling, feeling. Gregg felt himself drifting into Allie, willing himself to become part of the big man who lay beneath him.

Allie's tongue retreated from Gregg's mouth, and Gregg began to explore Allie's mouth with his own tongue. The kiss became wetter and wotter. Suddenly, without breaking the kiss, Allie rolled Gregg over and was on top of him.

This was what he'd longed for, what he'd needed so badly. The big Italian's body covered him completely, and Gregg wrapped his arms tightly around Allie's bulky torso to feel the muscled hardness of his back. He reached down as low as he could, just touching Allie's muscular upper buttocks. And then his hands were in Allie's hair, smoothing, teasing, stroking.

Allie lifted himself up off Gregg's wriggling form and yanked the sweatshirt over his head. The body was even better than Gregg had hoped for. A broad rippling chest tapering down to a tight waist, bulging muscles, dark curly hair covering all of it. Gregg sat up as best he could, desperately trying to tongue Allie's hardened nipples.

Allie gently slipped Gregg's shirt up over his head and leaned back to admire him. "Smooth as silk," he murmured, then lowered his head to Gregg's chest and trailed his tongue across the taut flesh. His tongue reached Gregg's tender nipple, and he began to tug and nip on it, all the while sliding his roughened hands up and down Gregg's torso.

Gregg's body arched up to meet Allie's. God, the feeling was incredible! Allie's mouth loosened its hold on Gregg's nipple, and once again he moved up to Gregg's mouth. The weight of Allie's body on him was almost too much for Gregg to handle. He moved his hands underneath Allie and pulled at the fabric that covered the man's crotch. Again not breaking their kiss, Allie lifted himself up just enough so that Gregg could reach the opening of his pants. Gregg tugged at the thick black-leather belt, yanked open the top of Allie's jeans, and pulled down the zipper. He slipped his hands under the elastic of Allie's boxers and slid them downward.

What he felt caused him to groan loudly, involuntarily. The Italian's cock was just as he'd imagined it—thick, hard, and long. Gregg strained to reach the heavy balls nestled at the base of the pulsating organ.

Allie quickly rolled off Gregg's body and stood up. His thick, dark cock hung out of his open jeans, little drops of pre-cum glistening on the flared head. "Whadda ya say we hit the bedroom, big guy?"

Greg nodded, unable to speak. He followed the man towards the back of the apartment, mesmerized by the sway of Allie's gorgeous ass.

Allie switched on a floor lamp next to the low platform bed and turned to Gregg. "Let's get naked, big guy." He kicked off his shoes and in seconds had removed his pants.

Gregg fumbled clumsily with his skin-tight 501's. "Let me help you with that, baby." Allie moved to Gregg and quickly, smoothly removed the jeans. "Man, oh man—your body is even better than I thought it would be. Turn around and let me get a good look at that ass."

Gregg did as he was told, reveling in Allie's undisguised lust.

"Beautiful," Allie whispered, almost to himself. "Abso-fucking-lutely beautiful." He moved Gregg over to the bed and pushed him down onto the soft comforter. He stared at the recumbent form for the briefest of moments and then lay down on top of it. His breath on Gregg's neck was hot as steam. Gregg thought he would pass out when Allie began to tongue and nip at him. Allie combined the utmost in tenderness with an urgency that let Gregg know how fiercely he desired him.

Gregg's cock was straining for release, desperate for a touch, a stroke, a feel. As if he sensed this, Allie reached down to the rock-hard organ and encircled it with his big hand. "Gregg, Gregg, Gregg," he whispered, as he began to stroke.

Gregg's asshole twitched greedily. He wanted Allie in him now. He had to have that dick up inside him. "Oh, Allie, fuck me, please. Fuck me now," he moaned. "Please, oh please, give it to me. I've gotta have it. Fuck me, man."

Allie spit into his hand and rubbed it onto his cock. He slid his hand under Gregg's balls and back to his asshole and probed gently with his spit-slick fingers at the puckered opening.

"Please do it now, Allie. Do it to me." Gregg's head was spinning with lust. He had to have that cock, had to have Allie in him. He needed the life connection, needed it now.

Allie moved back on his haunches and pushed Gregg's legs up into the air, exposing the blond's creamy ass. "Okay, baby, hold tight," he whispered as he pushed his thick, rigid tool against Gregg's hole, hesitating at the tight sphincter.

Gregg willed Allie to enter him, to bury that cock to the hilt, to fill his guts with throbbing man meat. Allie's cock pushed harder, and then he was in Gregg, his groans of ecstasy mixing with Gregg's cries.

"Oh God, baby, it feels so good," Allie whispered into his ear. He began a slow fucking motion.

Gregg thrashed about on the bed. "Oh, Allie, give it to me, please. Do it now. Fuck me, Daddy," he yelled.

He reached down to his own rigid dick and began jerking off wildly, matching his strokes to Allie's. He could sense the cum churning in the big man's balls, could feel Allie's heart pounding as he approached orgasm. Sweat dripped off the dark man as he rammed his cock deep into Gregg's guts, and Gregg lapped it up.

Allie gasped for breath. "Your ass is too much, man. I've wanted you for so long. I can't hold it anymore. Oh, baby . . ."

The blood roared in Gregg's ears as he approached his own orgasm. He had to shoot, had to get the cum out of his balls. Fuck the rule about not coming with tricks. This was different, this was bliss. "Shoot it up my ass, Daddy. Fuck the baby—give it to him. Oh, do it."

"This is it, baby—I'm gonna do it." Allie was bucking wildly against Gregg's ass. "I'm coming! Your Daddy's coming! Oh, Gregg, I—I love you!" he yelled victoriously.

Allie's burning cum surged into Gregg's ass, Gregg shot his load in thick streams that splattered against Allie's hairy stomach. "Oh God Allie fuck me fuck me fuck me. . ." And the blinding light of orgasm took him away.

He awoke to words of love, to gentle caresses and light kisses. "Oh, Gregg . . . my little Gregg." Allie looked at him tenderly. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Man that was—"

"Shhh . . I have something to say. I told you before that I'd seen you around a lot. That's not the whole story. Thing is, I've been watching you, waiting for the right time, the chance. Tonight when you walked in the bar I knew the time had come." Allie turned his head away from Gregg for a moment, as if searching for the words to continue. "All that stuff about relationships and stuff wasn't just talk, Gregg. I wanted to know if you were with anybody, if you were free to—well, to try." He looked almost embarrassed, as if he were giving too much away. "So the thing is, would you um . . would you like to be my boyfriend?"

The term was so simple, the appeal so direct and honest that Gregg almost cried. Maybe this was it; maybe this was what he'd been searching for. Not night after night of anonymous fucks, not the biggest, hardest dick, but one guy, one man to be with, one man to hold, to be held by. It felt right, so perfectly right, which was the reason for his nervousness in the beginning. He wasn't nervous anymore. "Sure Allie," he answered tenderly, "I'd love to be your boyfriend." And he pulled the big man onto him, suddenly needing him more than ever before. ■

I DROVE HIM BANANAS!

Continued from page 12

held his legs high, and his fingers dug into his hairy cheeks to spread wide for my lips. I blew hot air into his quivering sphincter, and he hissed in delight and shock.

I licked all around the hole, careful not to let my tongue touch his rosette. I slid my nose to the throbbing hole. He shimmied slowly on his hips and let my nose grind into him.

"God, that feels great. You're so good. You know ass," he whispered.

On the ruse of getting more beers, I went to the fridge. "Keep 'em up while I'm gone . . fuckin' beaut of an ass you got."

I brought back ice cubes in a lidded bowl in which I had placed the item I'd put in the freezer earlier: a banana, now frozen. I brought two beers with me as well. I filled my mouth with beer, then sprayed Stan's cheeks with it. The coolness gave him shudders—or was it my tongue lathering his virgin ass-crack?

I slid an ice cube into my mouth and softened the edges so as not to tear the tender inner wall of his rectum. Then I tongued it into him. He bucked into the air, but I held the ice in with my finger, and gradually he let his body back down onto the bed. His hairy legs swayed together, then parted again.

I slid another cube inside him, and he hissed again and rose off the bed. But he never said stop. I chewed at the hairs around his hole as the ice numbed his guts. He flailed about, resting his heels on my back. His fingers gripped the hairs on the back of my neck, pulling me closer to his ass.

Suddenly I slid my finger inside him and removed the icy cubes, or what remained of them. I reached by the bed for a towel and slid it under his ass. "Squirt that juice out onto the towel. You'll feel better. Go ahead, push your hole out.

He was so embarrassed that he couldn't get his hole to open. He tried to sit up, but I threw him back down.

"Squirt!" I said hoarsely. "Now!"

He lay back and slowly parted his cheeks, and a soft trickle ran down his ass cheeks.

"Good boy. Lookit that pretty asshole—shiny white juices, clean as a whistle. Good man."

He opened his hole more as I talked, as if pleasing me was pleasing him. He was learning.

Before he could see what I was doing, the banana was in my hand—ice-hard, moist on the outside from rubbing against the melting ice in the bowl. I rubbed my chin against his hole until it burned with my slight stubble. His eyes closed, he rolled his head back and forth in delight and delirium.

Suddenly the banana-icicle penetrated his asshole and his reverie. "What the fuck is *that*?"

I slid it gently all the way in. "It's a frozen banana, and I'm gonna eat it out of your ass. Keep those legs in the air."

He lay back and spread his cheeks, showing me the tip of the banana oozing sticky-sweet syrup down his crack. The little white shaft bobbed as his sphincter muscles toyed with it.

"Open your eyes. Stay here with me, babe. Watch me eat that tube out of your tunnel." He looked down at my face between his legs. "Now let it out, one inch at a time. Not too much—stop."

I gripped his ballsac. An inch of the fruit had oozed out. I bit it off at the hole, chewed, swallowed.

Stan was mesmerized by what I was doing to him. His ass opened even more, and I whispered, "Another inch of it. Slow, now. Too much. Stop." I pushed part of the banana back into him, and he rose as it slid inside, still staring into my eyes.

I chomped down again on the slowly re-emerging banana. I sucked hard and the whole last piece plopped out into my mouth. I chomped and swallowed, then kissed his balls. "Good man, good man. Open your guts to me. Open all of yourself to me."

His cock throbbed as I ground and kneaded his hole with my chin. He threw his head back and closed his eyes. I slipped on a condom, then knelt over him and shoved deep into him in one thrust.

"Goddamn!" He bucked and thrashed and banged his skull against my chest.

I pulled hard at his balls. "Lie back and let me in there! Take it like a man—like you fuckin' know you want to!"

"You're so fat! You're ripping me open!"

"No, I'm not. Act like you're takin' a shit. Push out. That's it."

He stared into my eyes, dazed, betrayed, and yet begging with those black eyes for another inch of cock inside him. He got *three* more!

"Aaaaaaahhh . . fuckin' big cock is gonna make my ass explode."

I plowed deeper and deeper into him. Sweat and tears burned his eyes. But he still stared up at me, gripping my shoulders as I got all of me inside him. Then he

I was enjoying igniting him, pointing him in the direction I knew he wanted to go. He flew alongside me, eagerly. "I don't mean to insult you," he said. "I'm just not into it." I told him to take off his pants. He accepted my dare since it was put as a challenge. "Now what?" he said with an edge to his voice that said *I'm a man. I can take anything you can, faggot!* Just to shock him, I said, "Raise your legs and show me your manhole."

closed his eyes, and his face began to relax. The lines eased on his brow. A soft smile came to his lips. His eyes opened again, full of tears—he was radiant.

My cock flailed rapidly in and out of him, and his eyes widened. He looked at me as if I were the first man he'd ever seen. His smile broadened and he blinked away the tears. He hugged me tightly to him. I slid deep into him, then bent to kiss his parted lips. He rose and fell, matching my cock-strokes with his thick body, sucking my cock into him with his asshole. He wanted me, he had me.

As he kissed me—darting his wet tongue to my eyes, my nose, my neck, kissing, sucking, biting—he held tight to my heaving back muscles, and I arched long strokes of cock into his guts. He whispered into my ear, "Yeah . . . men! We're two men! Fuck me. Fuck me good. Unload yourself in me. Fill that rubber with it!"

He shot his load onto his belly in the middle of a long kiss. Thick, syrupy puddles collected all over his belly hairs, as he heaved and gasped and sobbed.

I slammed deep inside him, depositing gobs of ball-juice into the safe. I felt his ass rubbing and squeaking against the leather of my chaps. His poor butt must have been raw by now, from the rubbing, the eating, the licking, and the fucking, but never did he utter that word, *stop*.

He nestled in my arms, and I held him until his shuddering body was calm. I kissed him tenderly, caressing and cherishing the new man I'd helped to find himself. I wiped the sweat and tears from his eyes and kissed them. His eyes held mine, and his plaintive look seemed to say, *What now? Will you abandon me, now that I've been splayed apart before your eyes . . . now that you've seen every inch of my body? What will you do with me now?* I wrapped my arms around him and kissed his troubled face all over until it unfurled into a smile, a confident smile, a trustful smile. He knew I wouldn't hurt him or turn away from him.

He kissed my neck gently, then said, "You're a powerhouse . . . so fuckin' alive! I want you to spill that safe fulla cum all over my face. I won't swallow it. Please."

I stood over his face, spread my greasy chaps, and tugged off the safe. The ripe juice ran over his cheeks, and he rubbed it into his face like I'd seen him do with his own sperm. No wonder he had such an incredible complexion.

"I've always wanted to do this with a man, but I never felt comfortable enough to. Or maybe it wasn't ever the right man. God, you smell good!"

I reached for the towel and let him wipe himself off while I undid my chaps. I wiped myself off, then pulled a cool cotton sheet over our spent bodies.

I held him close and pushed the button on the remote control to turn off the TV. I clicked off the lights, but Stan asked if I minded leaving them on. "I wanna see you, even when you're asleep."

My young friend had truly awakened. He wrapped his thick, hairy legs around me and I drifted to sleep, feeling his smiling eyes on my face. ■

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GOOSE HIM LOOSE

Continued from page 51

I'd get him down on all fours, knees spread, his ass tilted nice and high. God, he was cute. All fuzzy and smooth and wet with nervous desire. I'd feed him his lunch, holding his head back by the hair, rummaging in his throat. Kid could get his tongue out to lap my balls no matter how deep I plugged his gullet. Man, oh man! His face became a great gaping oval dropping onto my horn, engulfing my stiff meat. Yeah, he'd take mighty swallows. Didn't have to gulp air first. I'd slam his windpipe, saying, "Choke on that, baby," and he'd just gurgle and smile and slather his reward all over himself.

By then, he'd have dug himself a little hole. Kid could never keep any nails on his fingers. Always rooting in the ground. At least he was when I was having him. Talk about blowing lunch! The kid had a bottomless stomach. He ate cum like he was sucking eggs. I love to see some of my load shoot out of a guy's nose. But not with this kid. He inhaled it all—every fucking wiggly that oozed out of my cannon.

I'd leave him licking his face and move around behind him. This was my favorite part. "Moon me, baby," I'd taunt him, and watch him wag his tail, which was split right up the middle by a hairy gulch so deep you could ride a horse through it. Couldn't even see the hole. Kid had a gold mine hidden in there.

I'd swing my legs over him so I was facing his feet, and start playing with those wide-splayed buns, digging my fingers to the knuckle in the hard-rubber muscle, pounding and kneading until a flash flood began flowing down that canyon ass crack, laying the hairs flat, exposing the wrinkled entrance to his cave.

Then I'd frig it, pushing all that hair into the opening until it looked like a sinkhole in a field of long grass, loving how those damp hairs clung to my fingers on the way out. God, he had a hot hole! Made for cock. Educated by cock. A snug, elastic pussy.

The kid would be growling and snarling like a rabid dog by then, gnawing on my fingers like they were chicken bones and he was trying to strip the meat off. I'd make him wait. I wanted him even hornier. He had to be, considering what I was going to put in him. I'd stroke his flanks to a froth, let him hop around a bit, tearing grooves in the forest with his knees, humping his ass and mewling, completely out of his mind with craving.

I loved to watch him heat up for it. I'd wait for him to glow red, knowing he'd come on the first punch to his guts. I wanted him to. It was important to me. To blow a guy out with one easy entry, then fuck him back up. To have such absolute control over a guy's body and its functions, make him perform like a trick monkey insane with lust. Jean-Claude, the axe man—that was me. I could fell the mightiest tree, drive it into the dust. Pussy boys were no match for that, and I loved to prove it to them, over and over again, as many times as it took.

The kid would start to fart every time one of his knees was yanked up off the ground, emptying his bowels for me, collapsing his tunnel, paving the way. I rode his thighs backwards, dipping my dick into the dripping crack, making him wail and buck furiously. I was about ready to plow a nice deep trough between his flailing legs and cram it full of hot beef; to dig a hole, crawl into it, and lose myself.

I gave him three fingers to the knuckle, goosing him loose. His body heaved. His hole relaxed, and I curled my thumb and little finger in and let him make a grab for the elbow, drawing back as he rose high for it, denying him. He screamed with rage and popped me free, kicked up his heels, then squatted close to the ground to wait for me, grumbling and steaming.

"Good boy." I patted his quivering rump and watched him cock it for me, rolling his big globes up onto his hip bones. He looked obscene and wide open, a wild bitch in heat. I loved it.

The kid's hole spewed small globs of rectal mucous, nature's lube. I could smell him now, lathered and ready for breeding. I checked his eggs and saw they had risen out of sight, absorbed by his crotch. His rigid little hard-on hugged his belly, hiding. His face was buried in the dirt. He was all pussy, his body existing only for the moment my huge pecker would enter and claim it and make a connection so deep he would feel as though he had become a part of me. He needed that desperately.

I located his prostate with the head of my dick and rammed it hard to start the flow of jizm from his cock that would continue in a steady trickle while we fucked, and leave a winding trail of scum on the ground. During our previous bouts, the kid had spilled rivers of seed here, while his body had absorbed torrential outpourings from me. He wanted to be as hairy as I was someday, and already his body fuzz had thickened considerably.

My meat mallet charged on, burrowing into the kid's bowels, lifting his legs off the ground and bringing them down a foot forward, spread much further into the total split I preferred. I heard him grunt like an angry pig and knew he was coming. His colon welcomed me home and began squeezing the starch out of my pipe. I stayed holstered and enjoyed the ride.

The kid had his chin pressed down to his chest and was shooting sperm onto his lolling tongue, spooning fat gobs of the goo into his throat. He turned to the side to let me see his slime-drenched face. His pupils rolled back into his head as ripples of ecstasy convulsed his fragile frame. I slid my knees up his jolting flanks and dug into him, jamming myself deeper, forcing his legs into a straight split. He rose up on his hands, threw his head back and howled into the treetops. We began to fuck.

"Sssssss," the kid hissed between clenched teeth, as I blistered his butt. He held his legs straight out to the sides in a gaping split, the inside edges of his feet supporting his lower body, skidding along the ground like runners as he crawled on his fingertips. I hammered away at him and we crossed the clearing in record time. He begged me to find something to put between his teeth before he bit his tongue off.

I grabbed his tits and dragged him to the dirt, hanging onto the thick nubs until his chest sagged like a cow's udders. I twisted them counterclockwise and he began to pivot, holding his split.

I tore into his innards. Every time the kid tried to buck back on me, I skewered him so deep he flew forward, snorting lustily and splintering the big stick of wood I had shoved in his mouth. Then I'd stop and let him hump like crazy, rocking up and down on me in a full-tilt rut, sopping up my meat with great, heaving rolls of his ass. My cock was bloated into a monstrous gnarled club that spread the cheeks of his ass like a logger's wedge.

The split this kid could hold! Sweet mother of mercy! Molding those buns around me, squeezing, narrowing his pelvis like a giant clamp. With an ass like that, who needed a cockring?

I scrambled up onto my feet in a low crouch, withdrew to the head, and stove up into the kid's tight, hot asshole so hard that his legs closed and he shot up into the air like a rocket. We both started to come, sinking slowly to the ground, our bodies spasming and seizuring, flopping around on the ground like we were drawing our last breaths, until we were spent, drained, out of it. Whew!

Well, that was history. And just one of many pussies. After a few years I realized I couldn't stay in the woods all my life. So I went to school. Got a degree in business. Now I work in the offices of the company I used to hustle lumber for, a bona fide executive. I live in a small, dirty city close to the woods. I look around me and see nothing but rednecks and uptight assholes.

Time for Jean-Claude to bust some ass!

I have an animal instinct for sniffing them out—the librarian, the punk on the street, the office gofer, the cop on the beat. Grade-A pussy once you get them broken in.

Jean-Claude has begun. Look out, America! ■

FUN BUNS

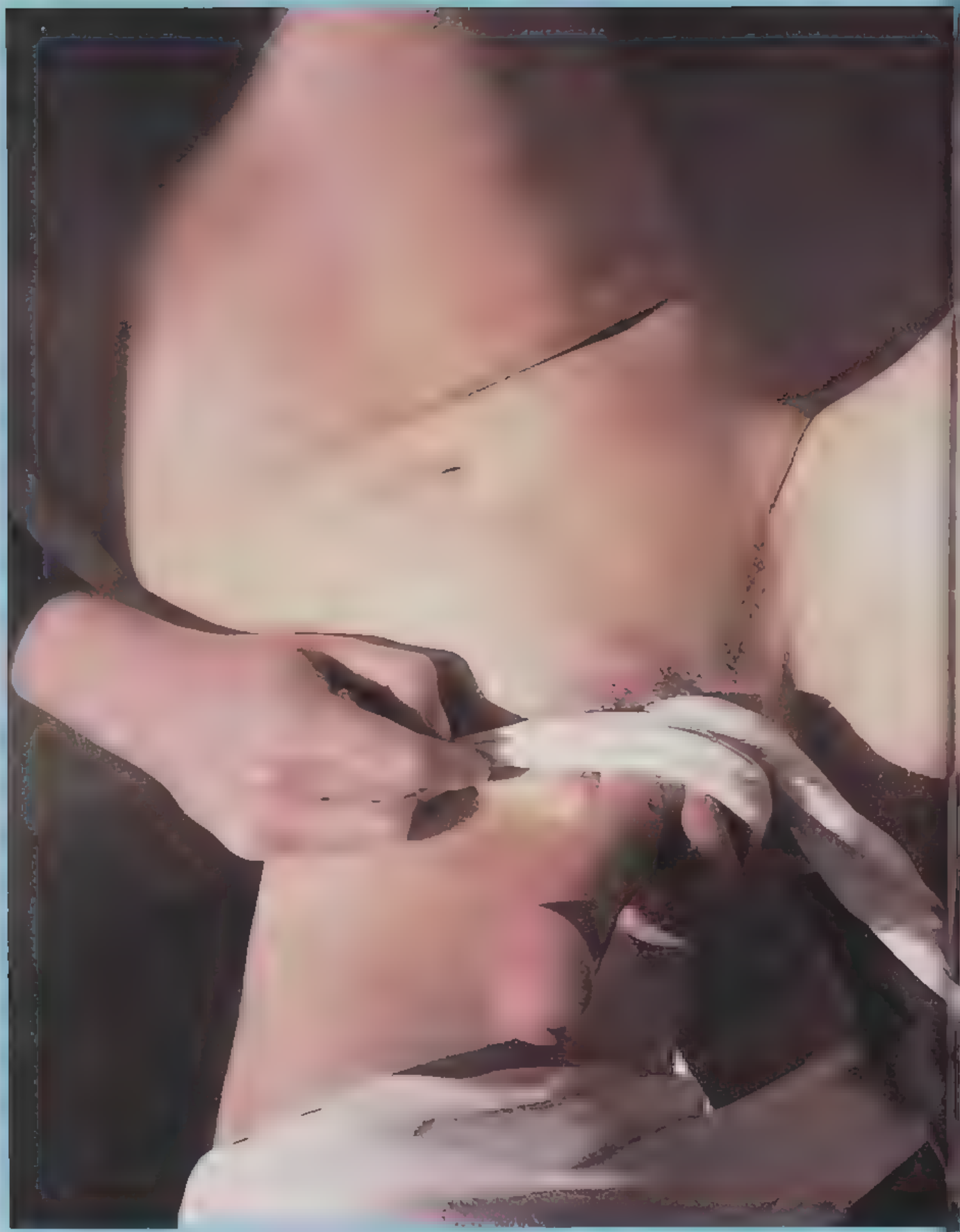
HE'S SHOWING YOU HIS

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY CITYBOY

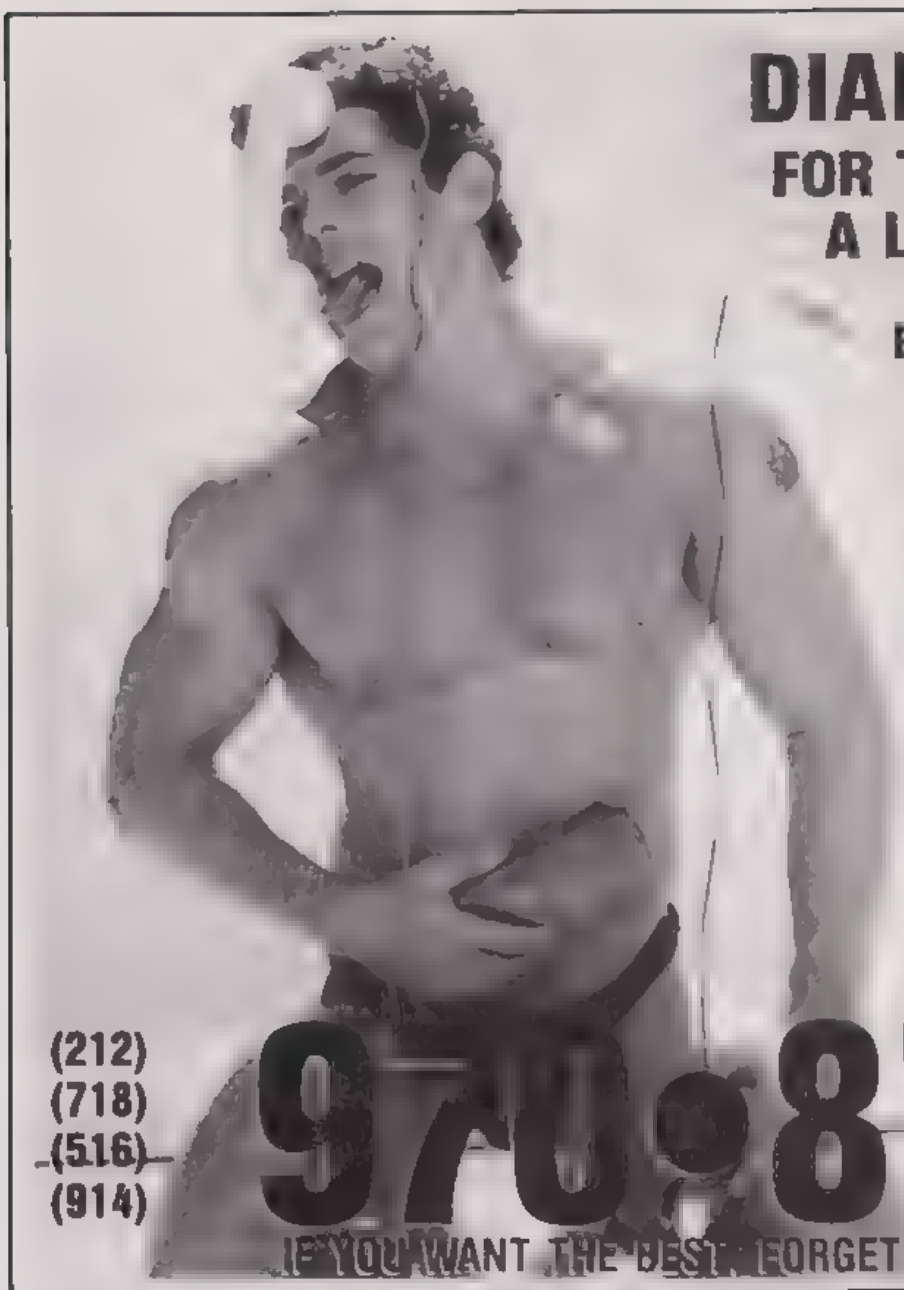
FUN BUNS

WHY DON'T YOU SHOW HIM YOURS?

2



FUN BUNS



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ARIZONA

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies. Paul, P.O. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

CALIFORNIA

RETIRED FIREMAN, FOREST RANGER

seeking applicants for Volunteer Fire Dept. State your HOT qualifications and photo, to. Volunteers, P.O. Box 1155, Forestville, Calif. 94137

YOUNGER MEN WANTED (18+)

Dad GWM, 36, 6'2", 180, br. br. beard, wants boys 18-31 into hot J/O and cocksucking to service Dad's dick Call Al (213) 650-0720. No fat, ferns.

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. PS. Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

HOT SADISTIC TOP

Has opening in stable. Letter & pix to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201

COLORADO

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

I'VE TRIED THE BARS

and apparently the type of man I'm looking for doesn't go there GWM, 34, 5'4", self-employed carpenter Hairy, bearded teddy bear Hobbies—cars, 4x4s, motorcycles, photography, outdoors Desires to meet same type of guy, age 24-35 who's similar. I'm non smoker. Carpenter, truck driver, electrician a plus. Terry, 192 Wellsville Ave., #9, New Milford, CT 06776.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

MUSCULAR, MASCULINE,

39, 5' 9", 155 lbs. Hairy chest, trim beard, balding, un-cut, very endowed. No fats or ferns. Men only. Must have sensitive, workable nipples & be sexually versatile & hung. Even daddies need daddies. Light S&M, firm receptive butt Kiss & cuddle. Photo gets mine. Work out buddy a plus. P.O. Box 18038, Wash., D.C. 20036

FLORIDA

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA J/O

Really handsome sexy dude, 40, 6'1", 190, looking for other hung, very masculine, likeminded studs, 20-40, seriously into showing off and unloading their meat in intense, inventive jackoff sessions. Photo, phone, etc. to P.O. Box 1166, Sanibel, Florida 33957

STRAIGHT ACTING GWM

57, 120 lbs. Seeks friendship and fun. Write Henry L. Land, Lot 20, 38 Brookville Dr. N., Jacksonville, Fl. 32211.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must: 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

GEORGIA

DAD SEEKS YOUNGER, SLIM STUD

Please me with your mouth, ass and uninhibited nudity, and you'll get affectionate dominance from hairy, masculine man, 42. Photo to: P.O. Box 306, Atlanta, Georgia 30301-0306.

HEALTHY HOT MAN,

35, 5'9", 155, hairy. Brown hair/moustache. Invite letters, pics, from masculine men with moustaches. RJ, Box 9142, Merietta, GA 30065.

HAWAII

HAWAII—DONKEY DADDIES NEEDED

To be sucked dry by hungry, handsome blond, 31, BL/GR, 6 ft, 175, 7¾" x 5¾ uncut. Sucking donkey daddies dry (4-9 climaxes guaranteed) poppers, bulging jeans, white briefs/jocks, J/O are turn-ons. Bigger cocks 10"+ preferred, cum measure up. Nude photo gets same. Please no fats, ferns, dom. Les A. 1215 Alexander # 1206, Honolulu, Hawaii 96826

WAIKIKI GDLKG/BLK STUD

Disease free. 30. Fr A/P Gr/A. 8". To meet clean Bi/Gay visitors 18-35 with smooth swimmers, hard bodies. TS/TV Bi M/F Cpls, androgynous males get TLC. Photo/letter to J., PO. Box 85, Pearl City, HI 96782

ILLINOIS

NEW TO SCENE

GWM 6'2", 32, 180. Looking for friendship, possible relationship. No drugs, fats, s/m Picture a must. Tom, PO. Box 56, Chicago Ridge, IL 60415.

GWM—38—170 LBS.—6'

Brown hair, green eyes, 42" chest, 32" waist, GR A/P, FR A/P Would like to serve and take care of masculine man 25-50. Will travel. I am into levis, boots, and western PO. Box 1571, Rockford, Illinois 61110.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

SEEKING CARING LOVER/ FRIENDS 19-30

No drugs, fats, or fems. GWM 5'11" 169, 22, BR/BL. Box 768 North Vernon, IN 47265.

WM 54 5'8" 178 LBS

Bald 69. No J/O calls. Andy, 219-872-0491, 201 Hoyt Street, Michigan City, Ind 46360.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write: DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Variety of scenes. Prefer hot young studs with good build The Master, P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, Kansas 66502

NEED MASTER

Will do anything. I'm: 5'9", 170, 20. T. J. Siek, 331 N. 17th, Manhattan, KS 66502.

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekends/occasional use and abuse. Variety of scenes. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master, P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, Kansas 66502

MICHIGAN

GOOD LOOKING GWM

6'1", 170, brn., brn., moustache, hairy. Looking for correspondence and possible meeting. Send photo, letter. If interested write c/o Jeff, P.O. Box 1062, Sterling Heights, Michigan 48311-1062

CLARE-CADILLAC

Single sex partner sought for discreet 6'2", 165 lb., 31 yrs. in area. P.O. Box 353, Marion, MI 49665.

MICHIGAN TOP GUN

Masculine, single, bi. I got it, you want it, come and get it! P.O. Box 1300, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501

MISSISSIPPI

2 W/M FOR 3 WAY

Looking for Hairy men only for hot sex. Lee, 2414 Dawn, Jackson, MI. 49203.

MISSISSIPPI

Would like to hear from G/W males 25 to 45. Sidney Burks, Jr., P.O. Box 251, Hickory Flat, Mississippi 38633.

NEW JERSEY

LEATHER/LEVI TOP SEEKS BOTTOM

I'm 23, six foot six, BL/BL 200 lbs. Looking for hot bottoms 20-40 slim for hot times. Will answer all photo, phone a plus. No scat, TV's or drugs. Reply to Rick, 67 8th Ave. #2, Passaic, NJ 07055-2122

EDISON GWM COUPLE

23, 6'1", 170, smooth, brown/hazel; 32, 5'6", 145, hairy, moustache, uncut, seek UNDER 25 for visiting, friendship, and 3-way safe sex. NO smoking/drugs. Photo if possible. P.O. Box 643, Edison, N.J. 08818-0643.

WANTED: BODY MAXIMUS!

Gorgeous Mediterranean type, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs. (chunky) wants bodybuilder to initiate me into the world of body worship (and servicing). Your photo gets mine. Write POB 32, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

NEW YORK

ROCHESTER AREA

GWM 26 6'1" 180, blue/blond, seeks good looking tall executives, cops and firemen for friendship and possible relationship. No blacks, fats, fems or S/M. Send phone, photo to P.O. Box 67450, Rochester, NY 14617

HAIRY MASTURBATOR, 31

Let's trade horny letters and dirty nude J/O photos. Into jockstraps, boxer shorts, cock rings, hairy chested studs. Mike, P.O. Box 5033, Utica, NY 13505.

BLOND CUTE LITTLE SLENDER BOY

Seeks big tall masculine-attractive-built brother/dad. Pecs/workin' man's hands a plus for safe sex. No fats. 134 West 32nd St., Room 602, New York, N.Y. 10001

SEEKS FRIENDS FOR HOT SEX

Good looking GWM, 33, 5'10", 145, 7" cut. Into 69, Fr., Gr. a/p, j/o, cuddling kissing and hot sex sessions. No drugs, fems or blacks. 19-35 with firm body a plus. Nude photo and phone gets mine. P.O. Box 239, Ozone Park, N.Y. 11417-0239.

DADDY WANTS SON

(18-?) Sincere—honest—must have integrity. I'm for real—you should be too—no blks—drugs or boozers. Write to Box 189, Hastings on Hudson, New York 10706.

QUEENS NY

Asian 25, 5' 7", 120 lb., black hair and eyes. GR A/P FR A/P will try rimming and ws for the right person. You should be between 18-35. Preferably very hairy. I like tall muscular men and body builders. I love vertical cocks any race. You must be monogomous and one on one type. Photo, phone. I'll travel as far as N.J./Conn. Shaikh, Box 141, Executive Suite, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036

VERY ATTRACTIVE B/M

Young 5'6" 148 lbs. into BIG MEN. Body builders or football player types. Want sincere relationship, have foot fetish Photo will reply. Contact P.O.B. #1206, M H Station, N.Y.C. 10156-0605

ATTRACTIVE WM

6'1" 170 lbs. 35\married seeks good looking nice body 20's-30's married or not. Utica area. Good sex, possible relationship. Box 106, Yorkville, N.Y. 13495.

MWM 34

Is looking for a buddy. You should be closeted and looking for a real friend and true buddy. Married preferred but others considered who are willing to become a part of my life and develop a serious relationship. This could save our lives. I'm 5'11" 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and in shape. I expect the same. Send detailed letter with photo if possible and a way to establish contact to PO. Box "B", Staten Island, N.Y. 10301

NORTH CAROLINA

GWM 26 5'9" 170 LBS.

Honest, loving, seeking permanent relationship with GWM 35-50 who's dominant, healthy, loving, settled minded. Mark, PO. Box 2231, Gastonia, NC 28053.

OHIO

ITALIAN STALLION

W/G/M, 29, dark, hairy, masculine hot 9 inch love tool ready to "meat" your every need! Tight ass and hot mouth ready to serve your love tool! Will travel. Joe Malaro, Box 969, Steubenville, OH 43952. Hot nude photo and phone gets mine

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,

Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

HOT COUNTRY BOY

GWM, 28, 5'9", 170, built. Enjoys camping, weight lifting, sports, J/O. Seeking correspondence, possible meeting with real men 18-35. Photo appreciated. R.E.S., PO Box 144, Berlin, PA 15530-0144.

FOR YOUR LATE NIGHT PLEASURE

GWM 45, 5' 5", prefer mature companionship but all ages or races welcome. Call after 11 P.M. (717) 343-1741

23 YEAR OLD MAN

desires personal counsel on international cultural/educational opportunities. 6' 1", Blond, 175 lbs. Joe, PO. Box 90191, Pittsburgh, PA 15224

GWM 37 INVITES LETTERS AND VISITS

from masculine men traveling in South Central PA. Married, salesmen, truckers welcome. Hairy chests, giant balls a plus. Denny, 510 E. Main, Apt. A, Lititz, PA 17543.

SINCERE GWM 31

6'4", 240. Seeks friendship/lasting relationship. Interests include sports, movies, theater and candlelight dinners. Desire old fashioned relationship. York area (717) 246-3408.

GETTYSBURG/ CHAMBERSBURG AREA

GWM 28, 5'10", 140, Br/Br, seeks GWM 25-35 for companionship/relationship. No fats/fems. PHOTO A MUST. PO. Box 61, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214.

SOUTH CAROLINA

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER

or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. PO. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SOUTH DAKOTA

GWM 30, 6'5", 230, Gr-A/P, Fr-A/P into long foreplay. Looking for G or BiWM in Black Hills area young to 35. Write Box Holder 594, Spearfish, S.D. 57783.

TEXAS

GAY MARRIED WHITE MALE

Looking for a friend. You should be closeted and looking for a real friend. Married preferred. This could save our lives. Send detailed letter with photo and a way to establish contact to. PO. Box 50262, Amarillo, Texas 79106

GWM 60

seeking GWM 25-45 that sincerely prefers older men. No fems, fats, drugs or drunks. PO. Box 8072, Ft. Worth, TX 76124-0072

HUNG 26 YR W/M

Wants hot action but safe, 3-OK. Your picture gets mine. Bill Long, P.O. Box 330782, Ft. Worth, TX 76163-0782

VIRGINIA

TOP/BOTTOM GWM 30

Looking for hot times. Let's explore together. Can travel. Photo a plus. Write now to explore—Scott, 1111 Arlington Blvd. #409, Rosslyn, VA 22209.

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE

Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry PO. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WEST VIRGINIA

LONELY G/W/M

Seeking friendship with kind, caring individual. Am 5'11", 25, 170 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, affectionate. All sincere answered. Charlie Anderson, P.O. Box 4615, Charleston, WV 25364

INTERNATIONAL

ARAB, HISPANIC, INDIAN, PAKISTANI, GUYANESE

Topman wanted, see New York section

ORIENTAL, 30's

Wants discreet single or married man, 20-50's. Bob, #206, 339-10 Ave., S.E. Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2G-OW2

COLOMBIAN MD

160 lb, 5'9", 28, attractive, bearded. Seeks males until 50. I like everything Write/photo, Guillermo, AA 16/3, B/Manga, Colombia

NORTHERN B.C.

23 yr old lively G.W.M. interested in you and anything you like for possible relationship. You must be 18-32, live in B.C., be uninhibited, and self-confident. You won't be disappointed if we get together. Facial photo appreciated. Box 444, Fort Nelson, B.C., Canada V0C-1R0

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Muscular bi-guy, 26, humiliates slaves. Into W/S, hazing, scat. Also do tapes and calls. $5 for first letter to. Phil, PO Box 10509, Portland, Oregon 97210-0509.

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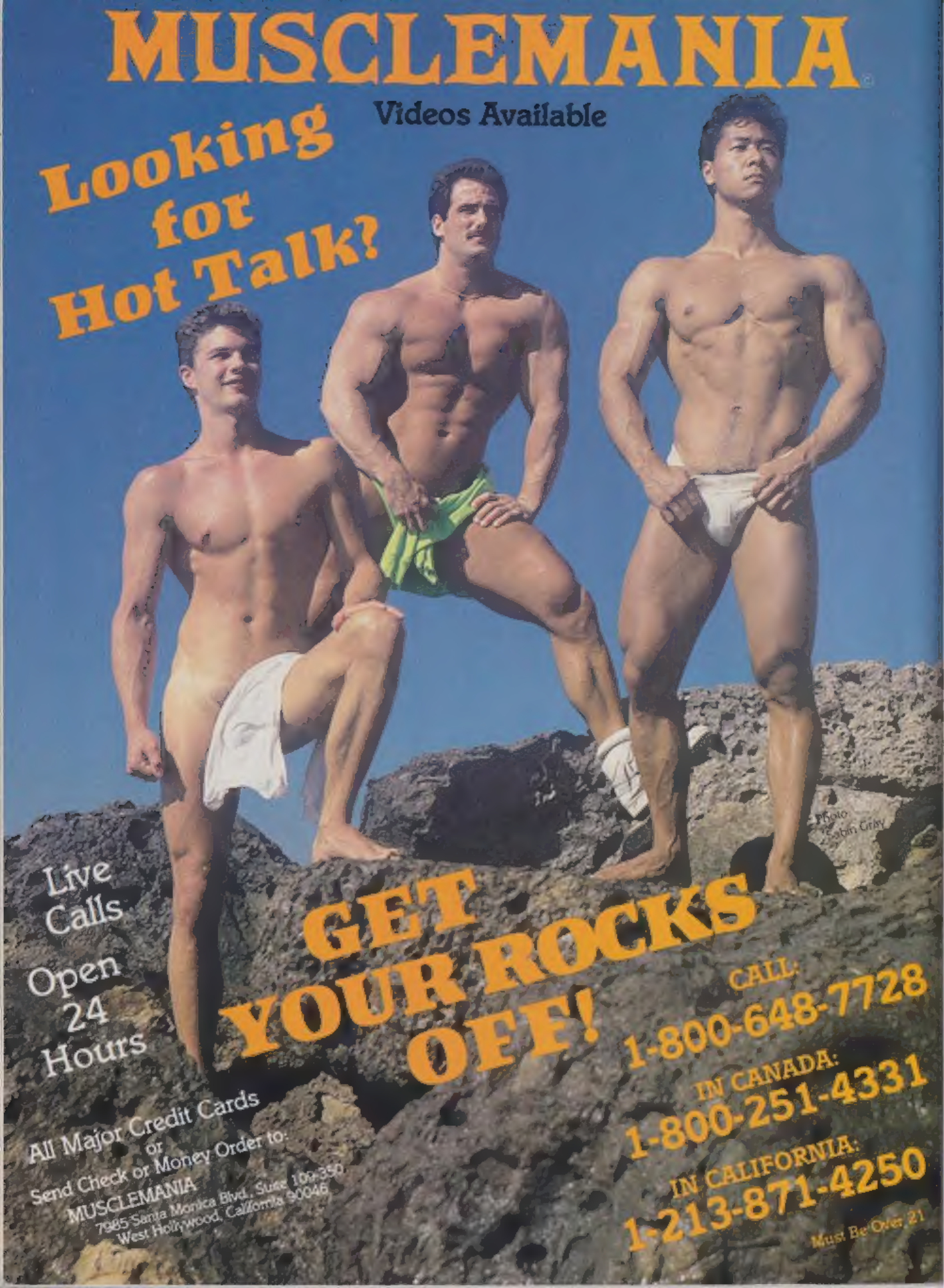
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